

THE
ENTIRE PLAY
TRANSLATED
INTO PLAIN
ENGLISH!

Classical
COMICS

A
MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S
DREAM

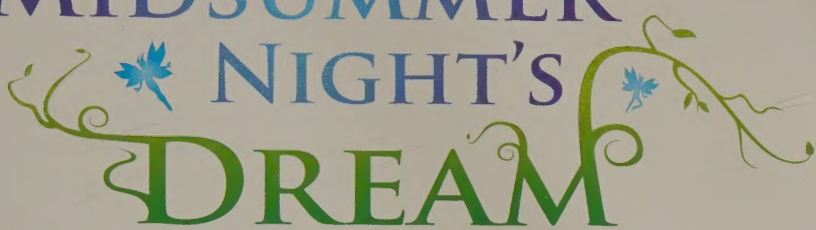
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
William Shakespeare

Original Text

Plain Text

Quick Text

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

William Shakespeare

PLAIN TEXT VERSION

Script Adaptation: John McDonald

Character Designs & Artwork: Jason Cardy & Kat Nicholson

Lettering: Jim Campbell

Design & Layout: Jenny Placentino

Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant

A Midsummer Night's Dream: The Graphic Novel
Plain Text Version

William Shakespeare

First UK Edition

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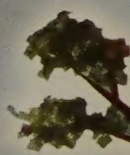
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Dramatis Personæ



Theseus
Duke of Athens



Hippolyta
Queen of the Amazons



Egeus
Hermia's Father



Hermia
*Egeus's Daughter,
in love with Lysander*



Lysander
In love with Hermia



Peter Quince
A Carpenter



Nick Bottom
A Weaver



Nick Bottom
(Transformed)



Snug
A Joiner



Robin Starveling
A Tailor



Tom Snout
A Tinker



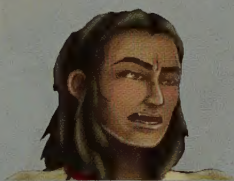
Oberon
King of the Fairies



Titania
Queen of the Fairies



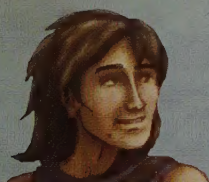
Helena
In love with Demetrius



Demetrius
In love with Hermia



Puck, or Robin Goodfellow
Oberon's Jester



Flute
A Bellows-mender



Philostrate
Master of the Revels



Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed
Fairies



A
MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S
DREAM

Act I Scene I

ATHENS - A ROOM
IN THE PALACE OF
THESEUS.

OUR
WEDDING DAY
IS ALMOST HERE, MY
BEAUTIFUL HIPPOLYTA.
THERE WILL BE A NEW MOON
IN FOUR DAYS' TIME, BUT
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT
THE OLD MOON IS
LEAVING VERY
SLOWLY:

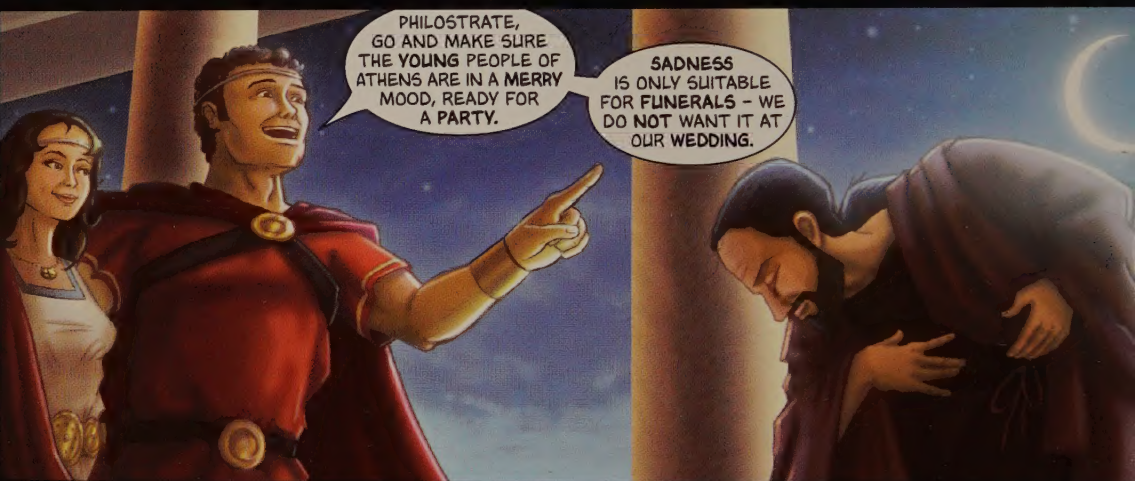
IT IS KEEPING
ME FROM WHAT I DESIRE,
LIKE AN OLD STEP-MOTHER
OR A WIDOW WHO MAKES A
YOUNG MAN WAIT FOR HIS
INHERITANCE.





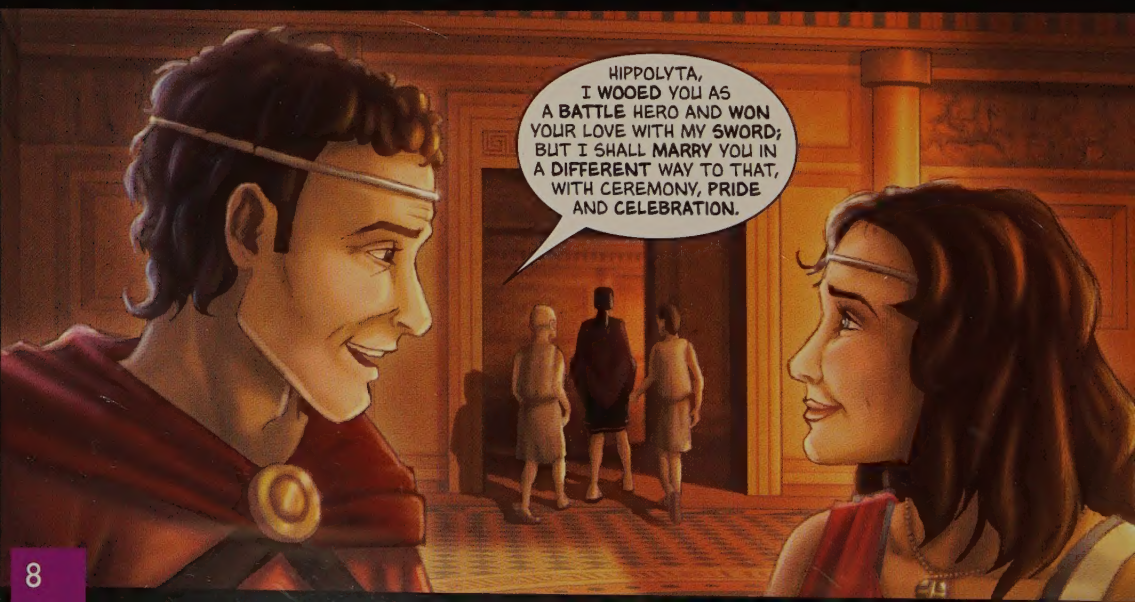
FOUR
DAYS WILL QUICKLY
TURN INTO FOUR NIGHTS.
WE WILL DREAM AWAY
THOSE FOUR
NIGHTS.

THEN THE
NEW MOON, CURVED
LIKE A SILVER BOW, WILL
LOOK DOWN FROM THE SKY
ONTO OUR WEDDING
CELEBRATIONS.



PHILOSTRATE,
GO AND MAKE SURE
THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF
ATHENS ARE IN A MERRY
MOOD, READY FOR
A PARTY.

SADNESS
IS ONLY SUITABLE
FOR FUNERALS - WE
DO NOT WANT IT AT
OUR WEDDING.



HIPPOLYTA,
I WOODED YOU AS
A BATTLE HERO AND WON
YOUR LOVE WITH MY SWORD;
BUT I SHALL MARRY YOU IN
A DIFFERENT WAY TO THAT,
WITH CEREMONY, PRIDE
AND CELEBRATION.





YOU, LYSANDER - YOU HAVE GIVEN HER POEMS AND EXCHANGED TOKENS OF LOVE WITH MY DAUGHTER.



YOU HAVE SLUNG TO HER AT HER WINDOW BY MOONLIGHT, PRETENDING TO BE IN LOVE WITH HER AND ENCHANTING HER --

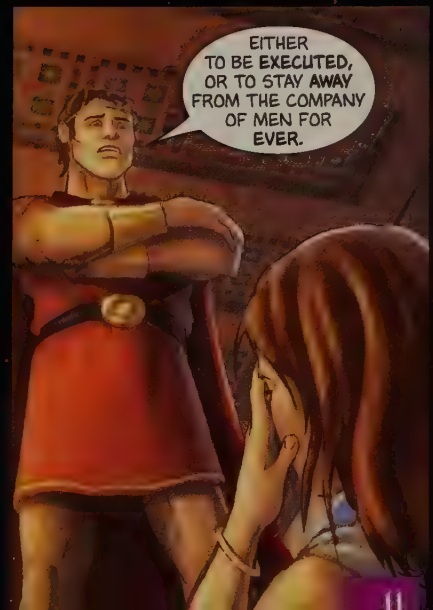
-- WITH LOCKS OF YOUR HAIR, RINGS, TOYS, TRINKETS, KNICK-KNACKS, TRIVIA, FLOWERS, SWEETS AND THINGS THAT CAN INFLUENCE AN IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG LADY.

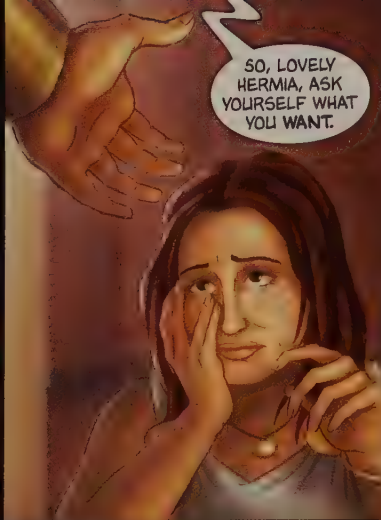
YOU HAVE CUNNINGLY STOLEN MY DAUGHTER'S HEART AND TURNED HER LOYALTY TO ME INTO DEFIANCE.



SO, GRACIOUS DUKE, IF SHE WILL NOT AGREE RIGHT NOW, IN FRONT OF YOU, TO MARRY DEMETRIUS, I ASK FOR THE ANCIENT RIGHT OF ATHENS - WHICH SAYS, AS SHE IS MY DAUGHTER, I CAN DO WHAT I LIKE WITH HER.

IF SHE DOES NOT MARRY DEMETRIUS, SHE SHALL BE **EXECUTED**, ACCORDING TO THE LAW.





SO, LOVELY
HERMIA, ASK
YOURSELF WHAT
YOU WANT.



REMEMBER
HOW YOUNG YOU ARE,
AND HOW PASSIONATE -
IF YOU DISOBEY YOUR
FATHER, CAN YOU LIVE
THE LIFE OF A
NUN?



CAN YOU
BE LOCKED
UP IN A SHADOWY
CONVENT, LIVING
A LIFE OF
CELIBACY,

QUIETLY
SINGING
HYMNS TO THE
COLD BARREN
MOON?



THE LADIES WHO
CAN OVERCOME THEIR
DESIRES AND TAKE
SUCH VOWS ARE
VERY HOLY -

BUT THE ROSE
THAT IS PLUCKED AND GIVES
OFF ITS SCENT IS USUALLY HAPPIER
THAN ONE THAT GROWS AND WITHERS
AWAY ON ITS STALK, UNTOUCHES
IN SINGLE-MINDED
PIETY.



THEN, THAT'S
HOW I WILL LIVE
AND HOW I WILL
WITHER AWAY,
MY LORD.

THAT IS
BETTER THAN
GIVING MYSELF TO
SOMEONE I DO
NOT LOVE.



TAKE
SOME TIME
TO DECIDE.

THE NEXT
NEW MOON WILL
BE OUR WEDDING DAY.
YOU HAVE UNTIL THEN TO
PREPARE YOURSELF TO
DIE FOR DISOBEYING
YOUR FATHER;

OR TO
MARRY DEMETRIUS
AS YOUR FATHER WISHES;
OR TO TAKE YOUR VOWS ON
THE ALTAR OF DIANA AND
ENTER A CONVENT FOR
THE REST OF YOUR
LIFE.



CHANGE YOUR MIND,
DARLING HERMIA.
LYSANDER, I HAVE
MORE RIGHT TO HER
THAN YOU.

HER FATHER LOVES YOU,
DEMETRIUS. WHY DON'T
YOU MARRY HIM INSTEAD,
AND LET ME HAVE
HERMIA?



HOW DISRESPECTFUL,
LYSANDER! YES, I LOVE
HIM - THAT'S WHY HE
WILL MARRY MY
DAUGHTER.

SHE IS
MINE, AND
I HAVE THE RIGHT
TO GIVE HER TO
DEMETRIUS!



MY LORD, MY FAMILY IS JUST
AS NOBLE AND RICH AS HIS - AND
MY LOVE IS STRONGER THAN HIS.
MY PROSPECTS ARE AS GOOD,
IF NOT BETTER,
THAN HIS -

BUT, MORE
AN ANYTHING ELSE,
IFFUL HERMIA LOVES ME!
EN, WHY SHOULDN'T
I MARRY HER?

I'LL SAY
THIS EVEN TO
ETRIUS'S FACE: HE
E LOVE TO HELENA,
HE DAUGHTER OF
NEDAR.

HE WON
HER OVER, AND
THE SWEET GIRL IS
NOW MADLY IN LOVE
WITH THIS UNFIT AND
UNFAITHFUL
MAN.

I ADMIT,
I HEARD ABOUT
THAT. I INTENDED TO
SPEAK WITH DEMETRIUS
ABOUT IT, BUT I HAVE
BEEN VERY BUSY WITH
PERSONAL MATTERS,
AND IT SLIPPED
MY MIND.



ANYWAY -
DEMETRIUS AND
EGEUS, YOU COME WITH
ME. I NEED TO SPEAK
TO YOU BOTH IN
PRIVATE.

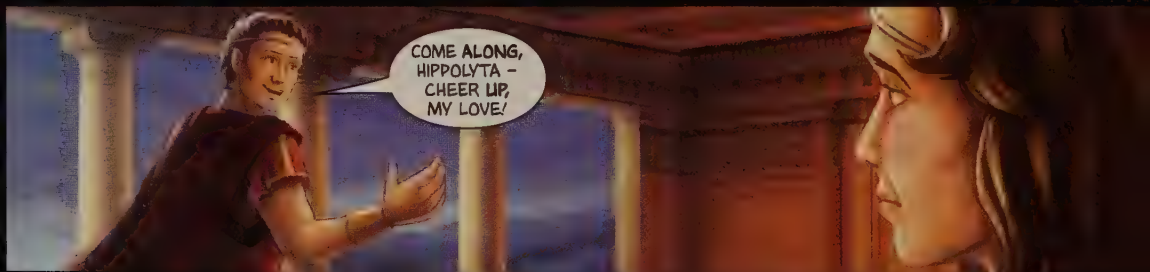


AS FOR YOU, LOVELY
HERMIA, CONSIDER
FOLLOWING YOUR
FATHER'S
WISHES --

-- OTHERWISE,
THE LAW STATES
THAT YOU MUST DIE OR
BECOME A NUN; AND
I CANNOT CHANGE
THE LAW.



COME ALONG,
HIPPOLYTA -
CHEER UP,
MY LOVE!



DEMETRIUS AND EGEUS,
COME ALONG WITH US. I NEED
TO GIVE YOU SOME TASKS FOR
OUR WEDDING - AND I WANT
TO DISCUSS SOME ISSUES
THAT CONCERN BOTH
OF YOU.

IT IS
OUR DUTY
AND WISH TO
FOLLOW
YOU.





COME ON,
MY LOVE - DON'T
LOOK SO PALE.
DON'T ALLOW YOUR
ROSY CHEEKS
TO FADE.

MAYBE
THEY NEED
MOISTURE, WHICH
I COULD GIVE THEM
WITH TEARS FROM
MY EYES.



DEAR ME!
EVERYTHING I HAVE
READ, EVERY STORY
AND SAGA I HAVE EVER
HEARD, ALL SAY THE
COURSE OF TRUE LOVE
NEVER DID RUN
SMOOTH.

EITHER
THE LOVERS ARE
FROM DIFFERENT
BACKGROUNDS --



OH NO/
TOO HIGH TO
LOVE SOMEONE
LOWER.

OR ELSE
THEY ARE
DIFFERENT
AGES --



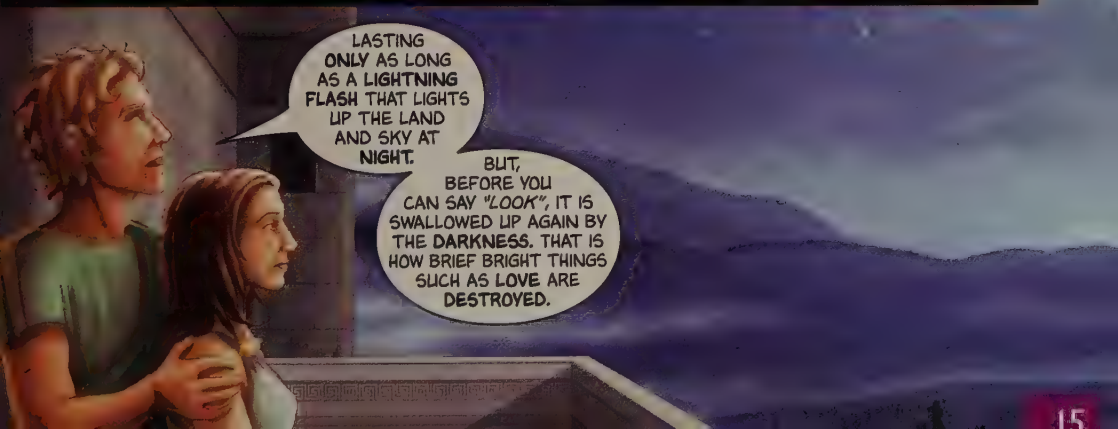
OH CURSE/
TOO OLD TO
LOVE SOMEONE
YOUNGER.

OR
ELSE, IT IS
DECIDED BY
OTHER PEOPLE.



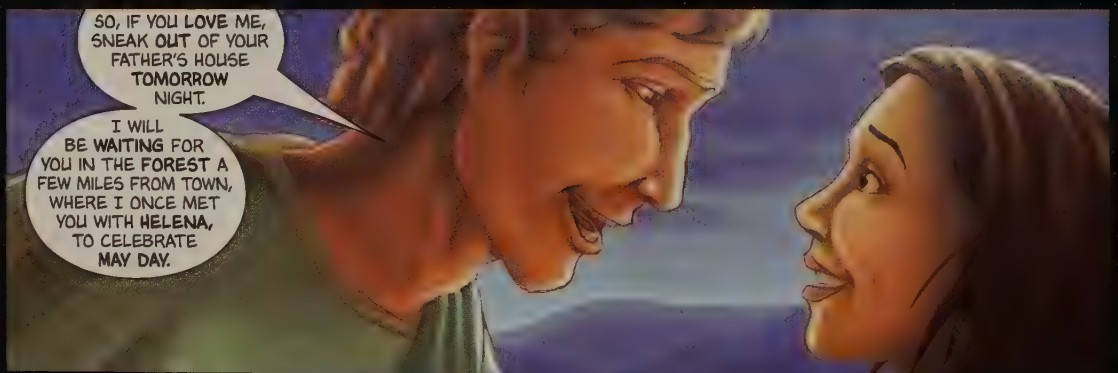
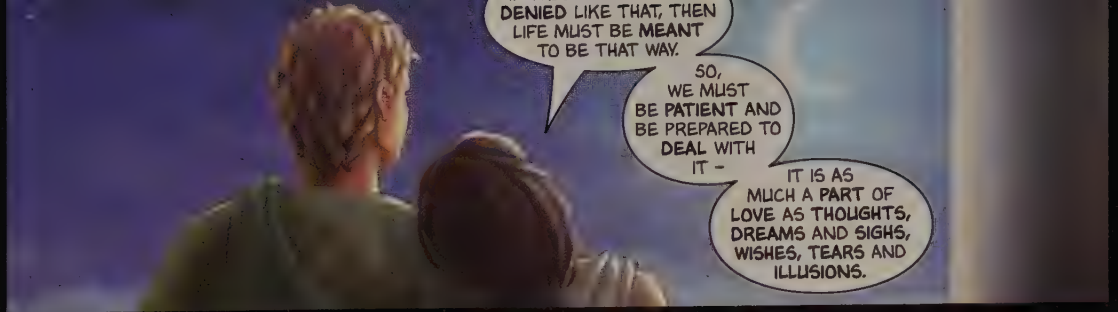
OH HELL/
TO HAVE NO
CHOICE IN
LOVE.

OR, IF
EVERYTHING IS
ALL RIGHT, WAR, DEATH OR
SICKNESS INTERVENES, ENDING
LOVE AFTER ONLY AN INSTANT,
MAKING IT AS SWIFT AS A
SHADOW, AS SHORT AS
A DREAM.



LASTING
ONLY AS LONG
AS A LIGHTNING
FLASH THAT LIGHTS
UP THE LAND
AND SKY AT
NIGHT.

BUT,
BEFORE YOU
CAN SAY "LOOK", IT IS
SWALLOWED UP AGAIN BY
THE DARKNESS. THAT IS
HOW BRIEF BRIGHT THINGS
SUCH AS LOVE ARE
DESTROYED.





THE PROMISES THAT MEN HAVE EVER BROKE - WHICH IS MORE THAN ALL THE PROMISES WOMEN HAVE EVER SPOKE -

I SHALL MEET YOU IN THE FOREST TOMORROW.

KEEP THAT PROMISE, MY LOVE.

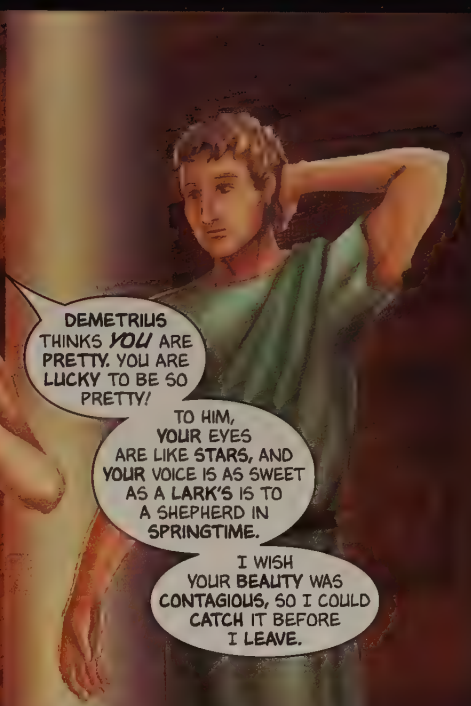


LOOK, HERE COMES HELENA.

HELLO, PRETTY HELENA. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



DID YOU CALL ME "PRETTY"? TAKE THAT BACK!



DEMETRIUS THINKS *YOU* ARE PRETTY. YOU ARE LUCKY TO BE SO PRETTY!

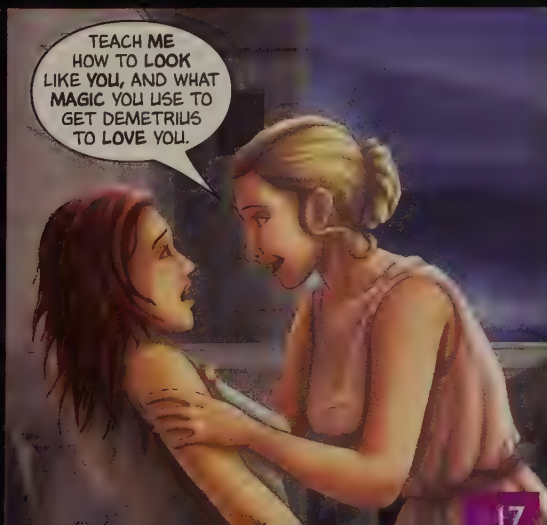
TO HIM, YOUR EYES ARE LIKE STARS, AND YOUR VOICE IS AS SWEET AS A LARK'S IS TO A SHEPHERD IN SPRINGTIME.

I WISH YOUR BEAUTY WAS CONTAGIOUS, SO I COULD CATCH IT BEFORE I LEAVE.



THEN, I COULD IMITATE YOUR VOICE, AND MY EYES WOULD LOOK LIKE YOURS; AND I COULD SPEAK AS SWEETLY AS YOU.

APART FROM DEMETRIUS, I WOULD GIVE THE WHOLE WORLD TO BE YOU.



TEACH ME HOW TO LOOK LIKE YOU, AND WHAT MAGIC YOU USE TO GET DEMETRIUS TO LOVE YOU.



I FROWN
AT HIM,
BUT HE STILL
LOVES ME.

I WISH
I COULD SMILE
THE WAY YOU
FROWN!



I CURSE
HIM, AND HE
GIVES ME BACK
LOVE.

I WISH
I COULD PRAY
THE WAY YOU
CURSE!



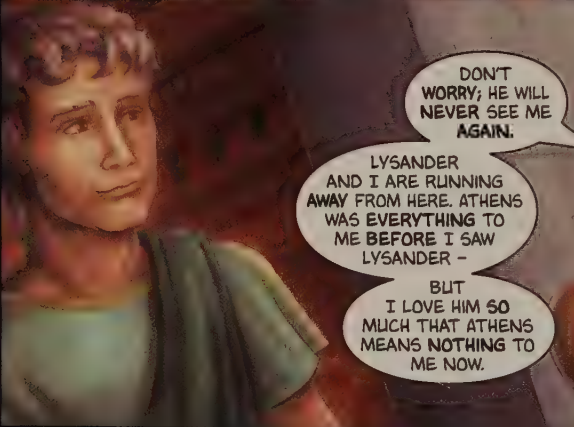
THE MORE
I HATE HIM,
THE MORE HE
LOVES ME.

THE
MORE I LOVE
HIM, THE MORE
HE HATES
ME.



HIS
FOOLISHNESS
ISN'T MY FAULT,
HELENA.

IT IS THE
FAULT OF YOUR
BEAUTY - I WISH I
HAD THAT FAULT.



DON'T
WORRY; HE WILL
NEVER SEE ME
AGAIN.

LYSANDER
AND I ARE RUNNING
AWAY FROM HERE. ATHENS
WAS EVERYTHING TO
ME BEFORE I SAW
LYSANDER -

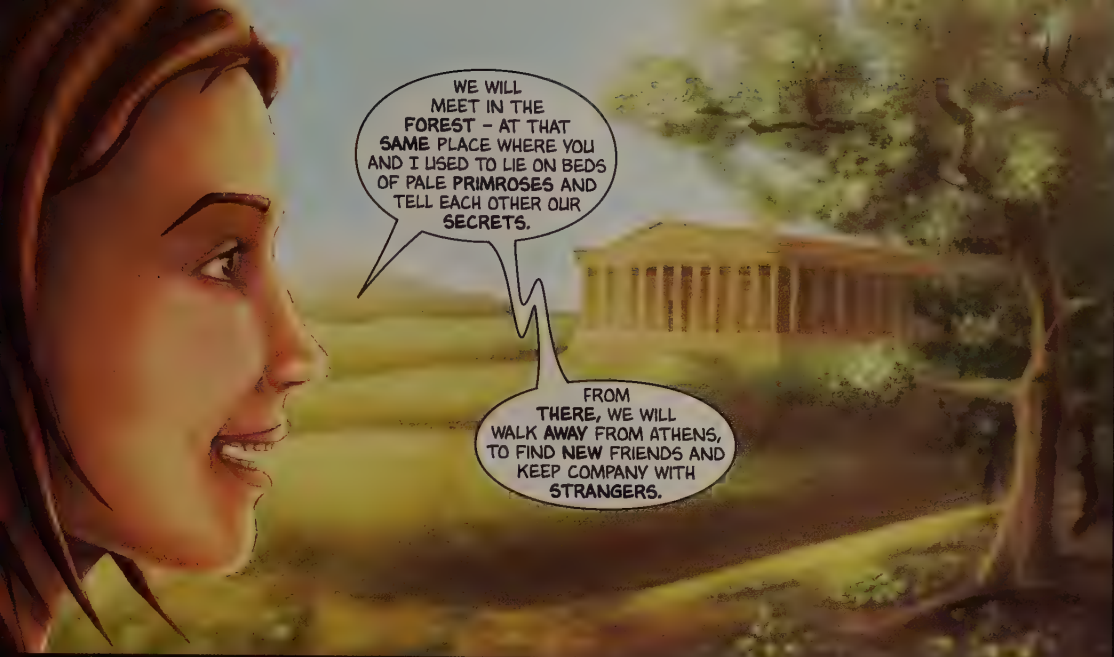
BUT
I LOVE HIM SO
MUCH THAT ATHENS
MEANS NOTHING TO
ME NOW.



WE WILL
TELL YOU
OUR PLAN,
HELENA.

TOMORROW
NIGHT, WHEN THE
MOON SHINES DOWN ON
THE WATER, AND DEWDROPS
FORM ON THE GRASS - AT
THE TIME WHEN LOVERS
TRADITIONALLY
ELOPE -

WE
WILL SNEAK
AWAY FROM
ATHENS.





HOW CAN
SOME PEOPLE BE
HAPPIER THAN
OTHERS?

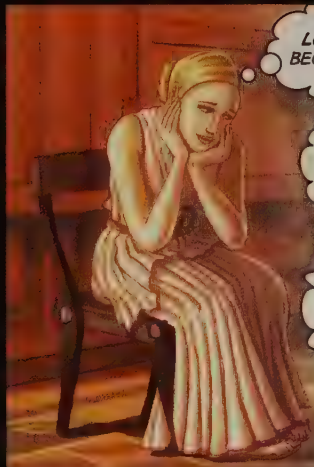
EVERYONE
IN ATHENS THINKS
I AM AS PRETTY AS
HERMIA. SO WHAT?
DEMETRIUS DOESN'T
THINK SO.

HE DOESN'T
SEE ME AS EVERYONE
ELSE DOES, AND HE MAKES
THE MISTAKE OF LOVING
HER - JUST AS I MAKE
THE MISTAKE OF
LOVING HIM.

LOVE MAKES
UGLY THINGS LOOK
BEAUTIFUL. LOVE
SEES WITH THE
IMAGINATION, NOT
WITH THE EYES -

THAT'S WHY
CUPID IS ALWAYS
SHOWN TO BE
BLIND.

LOVE'S
IMAGINATION HAS NO
JUDGEMENT OR TASTE;
IT IS THOUGHTLESS
SPEED, SYMBOLISED BY
CUPID'S WINGS AND
BLINDNESS.

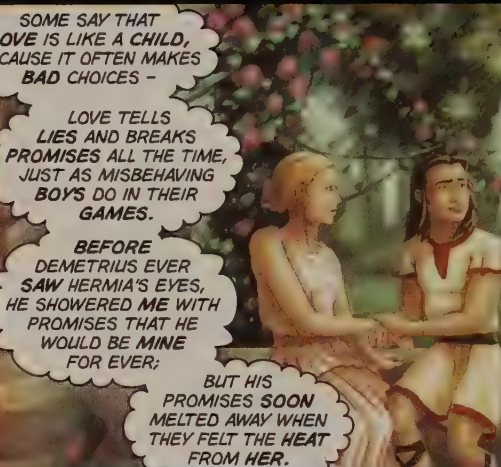


SOME SAY THAT
LOVE IS LIKE A CHILD,
BECAUSE IT OFTEN MAKES
BAD CHOICES -

LOVE TELLS
LIES AND BREAKS
PROMISES ALL THE TIME,
JUST AS MISBEHAVING
BOYS DO IN THEIR
GAMES.

BEFORE
DEMETRIUS EVER
SAW HERMIA'S EYES,
HE SHOWERED ME WITH
PROMISES THAT HE
WOULD BE MINE
FOR EVER;

BUT HIS
PROMISES SOON
MELTED AWAY WHEN
THEY FELT THE HEAT
FROM HER.

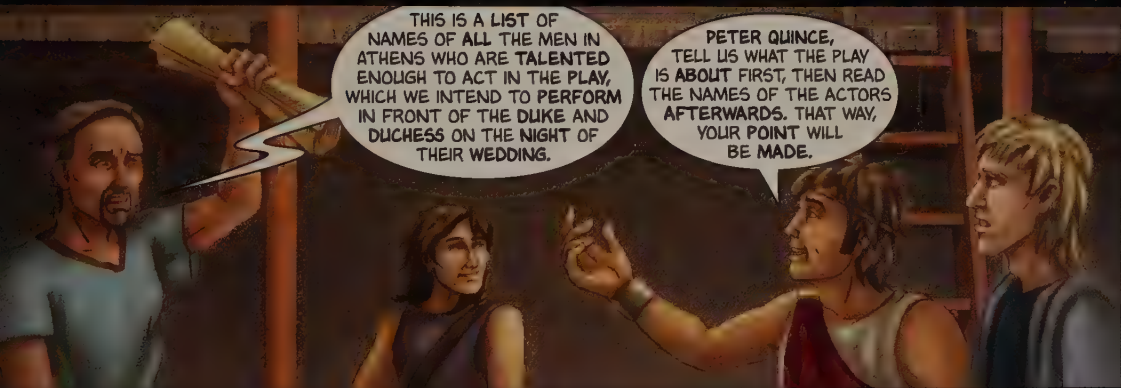


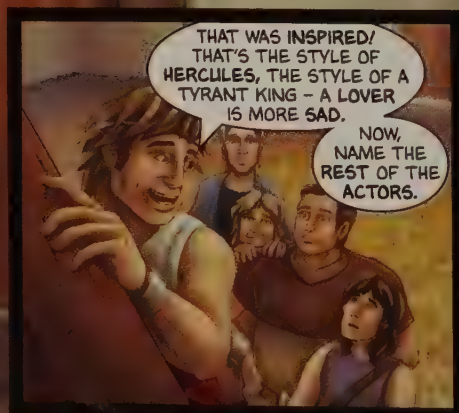
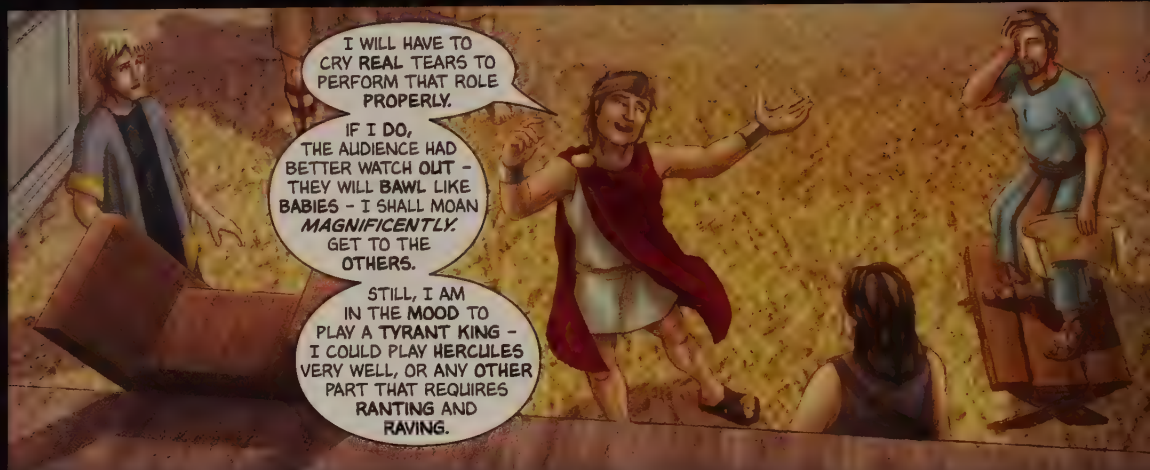
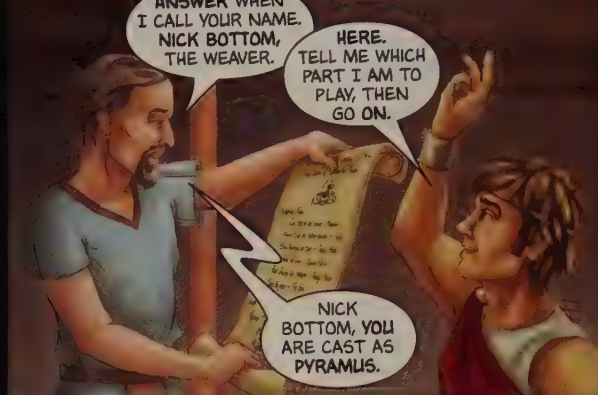
I WILL GO AND
TELL HIM ABOUT
HERMIA'S PLAN TO RUN
AWAY. HE WILL FOLLOW
HER TO THE FOREST
TOMORROW
NIGHT.

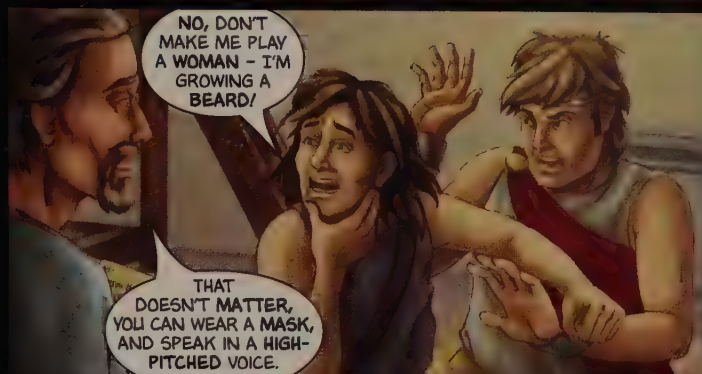
HIS
THANKS FOR
THIS INFORMATION
WILL BE SMALL
COMFORT FOR
ME -

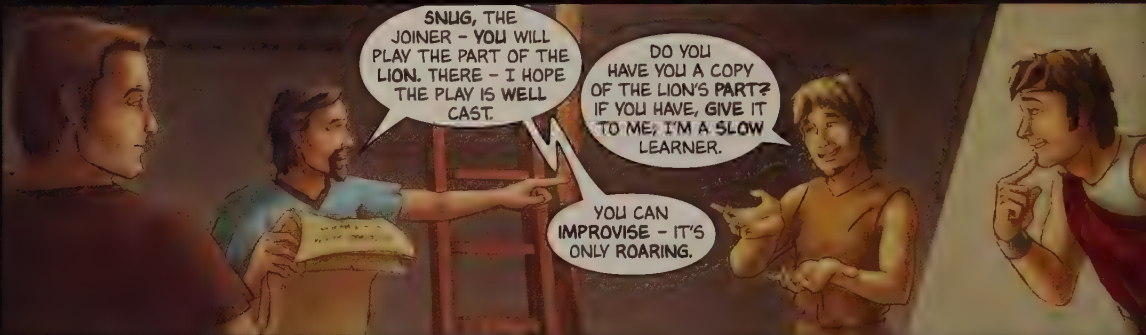
BUT IT WILL
EASE MY PAIN
TO SEE HIM GO, AND
THEN COME BACK
AGAIN.













IF YOU
ROAR TOO LOUDLY,
YOU WILL FRIGHTEN THE
DUCHESS AND THE LADIES,
MAKING THEM SCREAM -
AND THAT WILL BE
ENOUGH TO GET US
HANGED.

THAT
WOULD GET
EVERY ONE OF
US HANGED!



IF YOU FRIGHTEN THE
LADIES OUT OF THEIR WITS,
THEY WOULD HAVE NO
CHOICE BUT TO
HANG US.

BUT I WILL
AGGRAVATE MY VOICE
AND ROAR AS GENTLY
AS A BABY DOVE. I WILL
ROAR AS QUIETLY AS
A NIGHTINGALE.



YOU
CANNOT PLAY
A PART, BUT
PYRAMUS!

PYRAMUS
IS A HANDSOME
MAN, AS GOOD A MAN
AS YOU COULD HOPE
TO MEET; A LOVELY
GENTLEMAN.

SO, YOU
MUST PLAY
PYRAMUS!

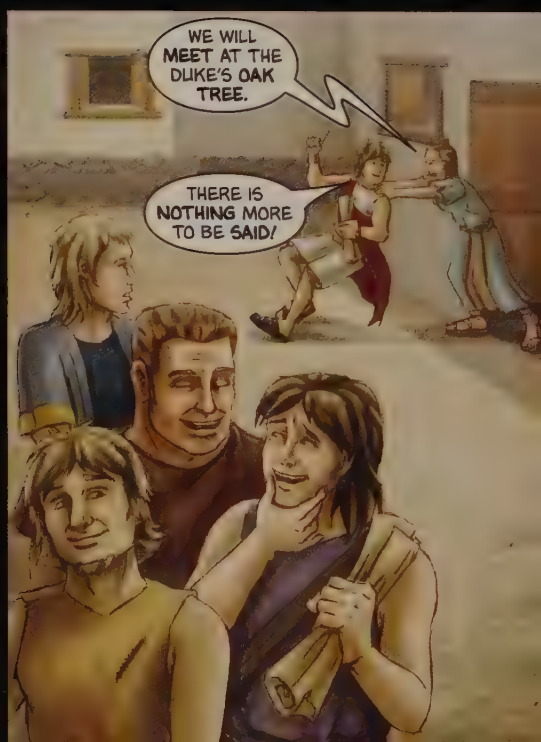
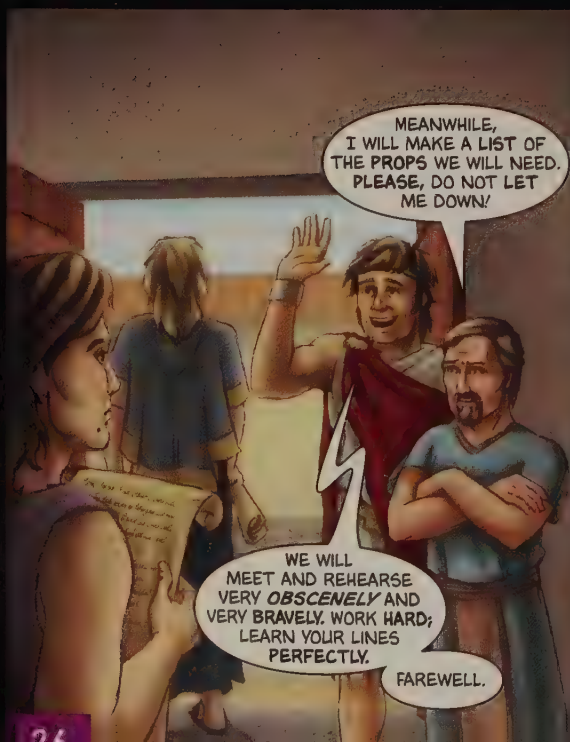
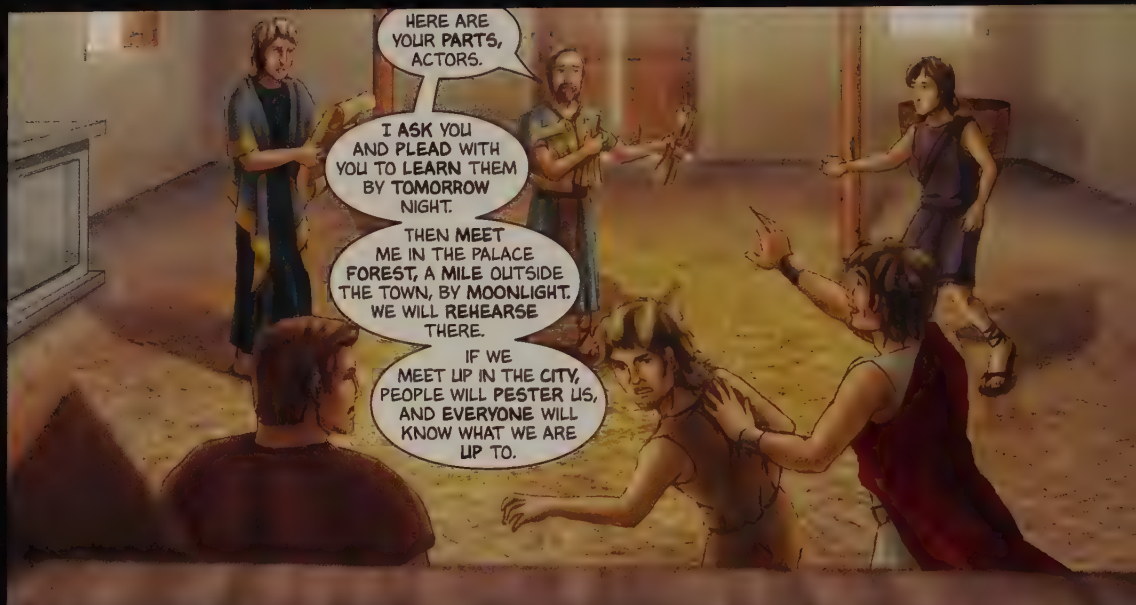
ALL
RIGHT - I'LL
DO IT!



WHAT KIND
OF BEARD SHOULD
I WEAR FOR THE
PART?

WHATEVER
KIND YOU
WANT.

I WILL
PLAY IT IN EITHER A
STRAW-COLOURED BEARD,
OR AN ORANGE-RED BEARD,
A PURPLE-STRIPED BEARD, OR
A PERFECT YELLOW BEARD,
THE COLOUR OF A FRENCH
CROWN.



A FOREST,
NEAR ATHENS.

HELLO, SPIRIT.
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

OVER
HILLS, OVER DALE,
THROUGH BUSHES,
THROUGH **BRIARS**.
OVER PARKS, OVER
FENCES, THROUGH
RIVERS, THROUGH
FIRES.



I WANDER
IN **EVERY** PLACE,
FASTER THAN THE
MOON'S ROUND
FACE,

AND I **SERVE**
THE FAIRY **QUEEN**,
MAKING HER FAIRY
RINGS **GLEAM**.

TALL **COWSLIPS**
ARE HER **MINDERS**,
SEE THE SPOTS ON
THEIR **FLOWERS**,

THOSE ARE
RUBIES, FAIRY **GIFTS**,
FROM **THEM** THE
FLOWER'S **PERFUME**
DRIFTS.

I MUST
SEE IF THERE ARE
DEWDROPS NEAR:
THEY LOOK LIKE **PEARLS**
ON EVERY COWSLIP'S
EAR.

FAREWELL,
CRAZY SPIRIT,
I'M **NOT** HERE,
OUR **QUEEN** AND HER
ELVES WILL **SOON**
APPEAR.





THE
FAIRY KING IS HAVING A
GATHERING HERE TONIGHT.
MAKE SURE THE FAIRY
QUEEN STAYS OUT
OF **SIGHT**,

FOR
OBERON IS
FILLED WITH RAGE
BECAUSE SHE HAS
A YOUNG BOY
PAGE

WHOM
SHE **STOLE** FROM
AN INDIAN KING.
SHE NEVER **HAD**
SUCH A **SWEET**
CHANGELING,

AND
OBERON HAS **PLANS**
FOR THIS YOUNG MAN;
HE WANTS THE **CHILD**
TO BE IN HIS
CLAN.

BUT
TITANIA **WON'T**
HAND OVER THE BOY:
SHE **LOVES** THE CHILD;
HE'S HER PRIDE AND
JOY.

NOW
THEY WON'T **MEET**
IN WOODS OR GREEN,
BY WATERFALLS
OR IN SKY SO
CLEAN,

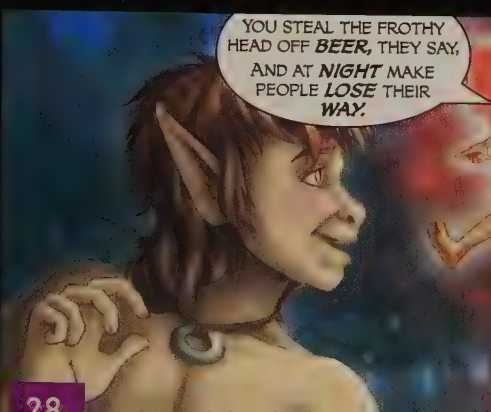
INSTEAD,
THEY **ARGUE**
WHEN THEY ARE **NEAR**,
WHILE THEIR **ELVES**
ALL HIDE AWAY IN
FEAR.



UNLESS I'M WRONG
AND AM **NOT** RIGHT,
YOU ARE THAT MISCHIEVOUS,
WICKED SPRITE

CALL **ROBIN**
GOODFELLOW -
YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO FRIGHTENS
VILLAGE MAIDS JUST
FOR **FUN**

AND
SKIMS THE **MILK**,
JUST FOR A **LARK**,
TURNING BUTTER-MAKING
INTO **HARD**
WORK.



YOU STEAL THE FROTHY
HEAD OFF **BEER**, THEY SAY,
AND AT **NIGHT** MAKE
PEOPLE **LOSE** THEIR
WAY.



THOSE WHO
CALL YOU "**HOBGOBLIN**"
AND "**SWEET PUCK**",
FOR THEM YOU DO WORK
AND BRING **GOOD**
LUCK.

IT **IS**
YOU, ISN'T
IT?



YES, YOU
ARE RIGHT -
THAT **HAPPY**
TRAVELLER OF
THE NIGHT.

I **JOKE**
WITH OBERON
AND MAKE HIM **SMILE**
WHEN I **NEIGH** LIKE A
FEMALE **HORSE** FOR
A WHILE,

TO **TRICK**
A FAT, STRONG
STALLION
FOAL.

cough
cough

SOMETIMES
I **HIDE** IN A
GOSSIP-WOMAN'S
BOWL,

DISGUISED
AS A **CRAB-APPLE**,
ROASTED FAIR.
WHEN SHE **DRINKS**,
I JUMP UP IN
THE **AIR** -

SO **DOWN**
HER NECK **SPILLS** THE
GOLDEN ALE.

THE **WISEST**
AUNT, WHEN TELLING
A **SAD** TALE

WILL
MISTAKE ME FOR
HER REGULAR **STOOL**;
I MAKE HER **FALL** AND
FEEL **SUCH** A
FOOL.

SHE CRIES
FOR **HELP** AND
FALLS WITH A COUGH,
WHILE THOSE AROUND
HER **LAUGH** IT
OFF.

THEY
LAUGH SO MUCH,
THEY **SNEEZE** AND SAY
THEY NEVER LAUGHED
MORE THAN ON
THAT DAY!

neigh

aaah



BUT, STEP
ASIDE, FAIRY -
HERE COMES
OBERON.

MY
MISTRESS, TOO -
I WISH HE WAS
GONE!



AN
UNFORTUNATE
MOONLIGHT
MEETING, **PROUD**
TITANIA!

WHY, IT'S
JEALOUS OBERON!
LET US **LEAVE**, FAIRIES -
I SWORE I WOULD HAVE
NOTHING MORE TO
DO WITH HIM.

WAIT,
YOU **RECKLESS**
MADAM! AM I NOT
THY **LORD**?



BUT I **KNOW** YOU SNEAKED OUT OF FAIRYLAND, DISGUISED AS A **SHEPHERD**, AND SPENT ALL DAY PLAYING **STRAW-PIPES** AND SINGING **LOVE-SONGS** TO YOUR **HUMAN** GIRLFRIEND.

WHY HAVE YOU COME **HERE** FROM THE DISTANT **INDIAN** PLAINS?

IT IS BECAUSE YOUR **HEART-THROB**, THE HOT-BLOODED **AMAZON** WARRIOR **HIPPOLYTA**, IS GETTING MARRIED TO **THESEUS** -

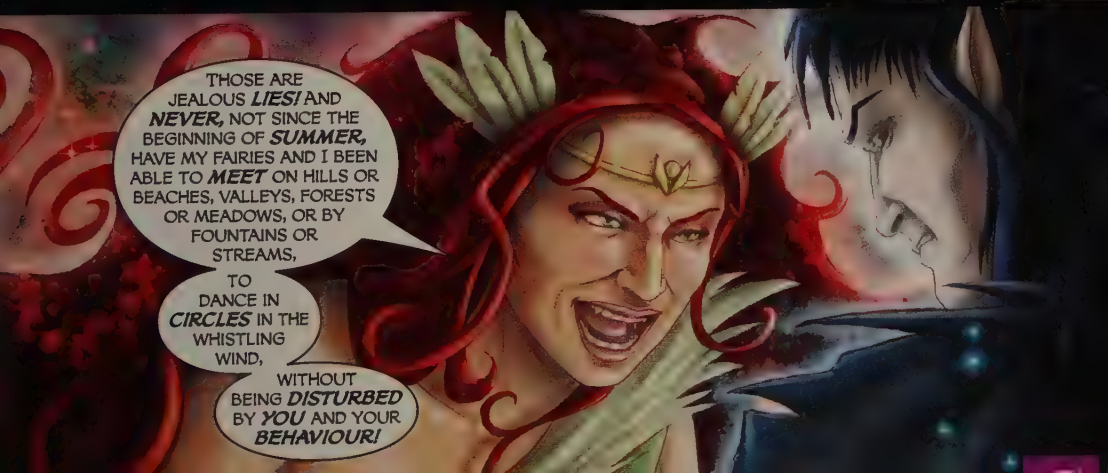
AND **YOU** HAVE COME TO GIVE THEM YOUR **BLESSING**.



HOW CAN YOU **SHAMELESSLY** TALK ABOUT **MY** RELATIONSHIP WITH HIPPOLYTA, WHEN YOU **KNOW** THAT I KNOW **ALL** ABOUT YOUR **CLOSE** FRIENDSHIP WITH THESEUS?

DIDN'T **YOU** HELP HIM **DESERT** PERIGOUNE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, AFTER HE HAD **RAVISHED** HER?

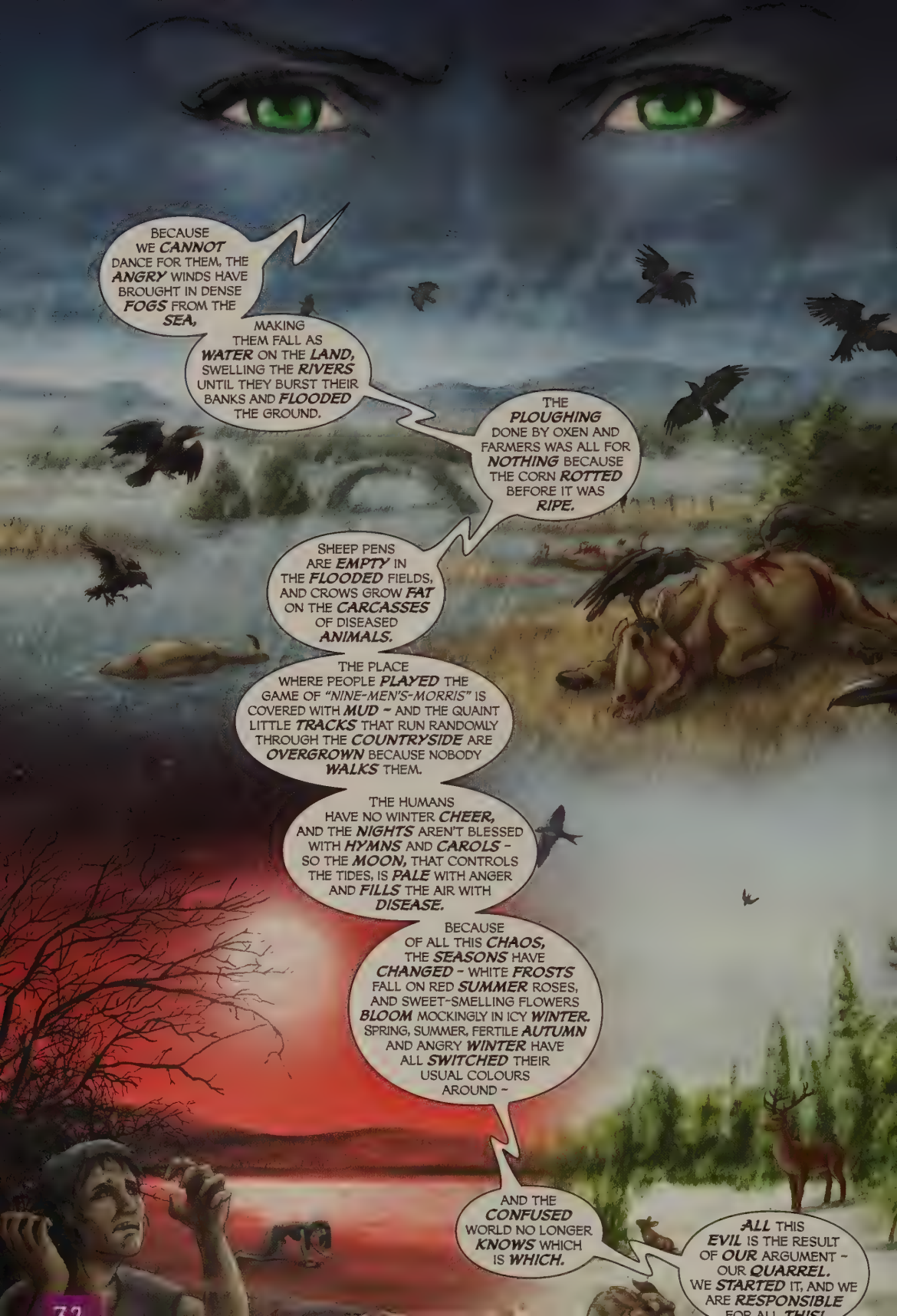
AND DIDN'T **YOU** MAKE HIM AND **ÆGLE** **CHEAT** ON ARIADNE AND ANTIOPE?



THOSE ARE JEALOUS **LIES!** AND **NEVER**, NOT SINCE THE BEGINNING OF **SUMMER**, HAVE MY FAIRIES AND I BEEN ABLE TO **MEET** ON HILLS OR BEACHES, VALLEYS, FORESTS OR MEADOWS, OR BY FOUNTAINS OR STREAMS,

TO DANCE IN **CIRCLES** IN THE WHISTLING WIND,

WITHOUT BEING **DISTURBED** BY **YOU** AND YOUR **BEHAVIOUR!**



BECAUSE
WE **CANNOT**
DANCE FOR THEM, THE
ANGRY WINDS HAVE
BROUGHT IN DENSE
FOGS FROM THE
SEA,

MAKING
THEM FALL AS
WATER ON THE **LAND,**
SWELLING THE **RIVERS**
UNTIL THEY BURST THEIR
BANKS AND **FLOODED**
THE GROUND.

THE
PLOUGHING
DONE BY OXEN AND
FARMERS WAS ALL FOR
NOTHING BECAUSE
THE CORN **ROTTED**
BEFORE IT WAS
RIPE.

SHEEP PENS
ARE **EMPTY** IN
THE **FLOODED** FIELDS,
AND CROWS GROW **FAT**
ON THE **CARCASSES**
OF DISEASED
ANIMALS.

THE PLACE
WHERE PEOPLE **PLAYED** THE
GAME OF "NINE-MEN'S-MORRIS" IS
COVERED WITH **MUD** - AND THE QUIANT
LITTLE **TRACKS** THAT RUN RANDOMLY
THROUGH THE **COUNTRYSIDE** ARE
OVERGROWN BECAUSE NOBODY
WALKS THEM.

THE HUMANS
HAVE NO WINTER **CHEER,**
AND THE **NIGHTS** AREN'T BLESSED
WITH **HYMNS** AND **CAROLS** -
SO THE **MOON,** THAT CONTROLS
THE TIDES, IS **PALE** WITH ANGER
AND **FILLS** THE AIR WITH
DISEASE.

BECAUSE
OF ALL THIS **CHAOS,**
THE **SEASONS** HAVE
CHANGED - WHITE **FROSTS**
FALL ON RED **SUMMER** ROSES,
AND SWEET-SMELLING FLOWERS
BLOOM MOCKINGLY IN ICY **WINTER.**
SPRING, SUMMER, FERTILE **AUTUMN**
AND ANGRY **WINTER** HAVE
ALL **SWITCHED** THEIR
USUAL COLOURS
AROUND -

AND THE
CONFUSED
WORLD NO LONGER
KNOWS WHICH
IS **WHICH.**

ALL THIS
EVIL IS THE RESULT
OF **OUR** ARGUMENT -
OUR **QUARREL.**
WE **STARTED** IT, AND WE
ARE **RESPONSIBLE**
FOR ALL **THIS!**



YOUR HANDS. WHY DOES
TITANIA **ANGER** HER
OBERON?

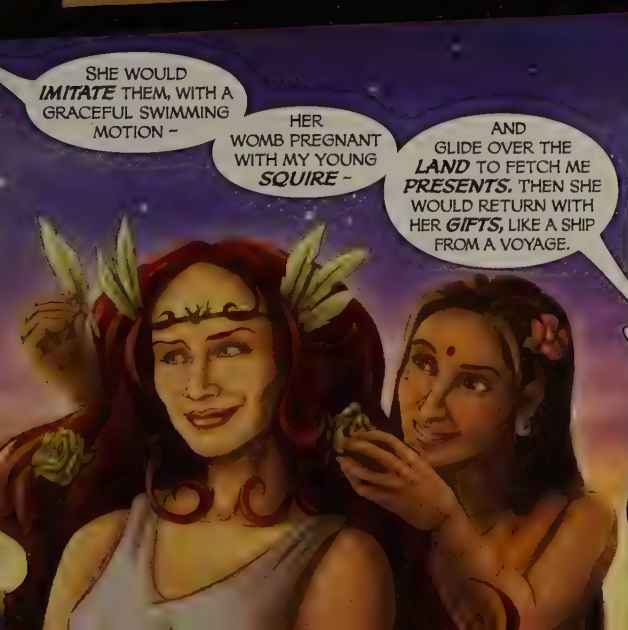
ALL
I WANT IS THE
LITTLE CHANGELING
BOY TO BE MY
PAGE.

**NOT A
CHANCE!**
I WOULDN'T **SELL**
THE CHILD, NOT FOR
THE **WHOLE** OF
FAIRYLAND.



HIS
MOTHER WAS A
FOLLOWER OF MINE, AND
WE USED TO **TALK** TOGETHER
AT NIGHT IN INDIA, SITTING BY
THE **OCEAN** AND WATCHING
THE MERCHANT SHIPS
SAILING **OUT** ON
THE **TIDE.**

WE
LAUGHED TO
SEE THE **SAILS** FILL
UP WITH **WIND**, LOOKING
LIKE BIG, PREGNANT
BELLIES.



SHE WOULD
IMITATE THEM, WITH A
GRACEFUL SWIMMING
MOTION -

HER
WOMB PREGNANT
WITH MY YOUNG
SQUIRE -

AND
GLIDE OVER THE
LAND TO FETCH ME
PRESENTS. THEN SHE
WOULD RETURN WITH
HER **GIFTS**, LIKE A SHIP
FROM A VOYAGE.



BUT SHE
WAS **HUMAN**, AND
SHE **DIED** IN CHILDBIRTH.
NOW, FOR **HER** SAKE, I AM
BRINGING UP HER BOY;
AND I WILL **NOT** PART
WITH HIM!

HOW
LONG DO YOU
INTEND TO **STAY** IN
THIS FOREST?

PERHAPS
UNTIL **AFTER**
THESEUS'S WEDDING DAY.
IF YOU CARE TO **DANCE**
IN OUR CIRCLE AND TAKE
PART IN OUR MOONLIGHT
FUN, THEN COME
WITH US.

IF NOT,
THEN STAY **AWAY**
FROM ME - AND I
WILL STAY AWAY
FROM YOU.

GIVE ME
THAT BOY, AND I
WILL GO WITH
YOU.

NOT FOR
THE **WHOLE**
OF YOUR FAIRY
KINGDOM!

FAIRIES,
LET'S GO!

WE
WILL END UP
FIGHTING IF
I STAY ANY
LONGER.

GO ON YOUR
WAY, THEN! BUT YOU
SHALL NOT **LEAVE** THIS
FOREST UNTIL I HAVE HAD
MY **REVENGE** FOR
YOUR INSULTS.

MY DEAR
PUCK, COME
HERE.

DO YOU
REMEMBER THE
TIME I SAT ON A CLIFF AND
LISTENED TO A **MERMAID**
SINGING AS SHE RODE ON A
DOLPHIN'S BACK? IT WAS
SUCH A **BEAUTIFUL** SONG
THAT IT **CALMED** THE
ROUGH **SEA** -

AND
SOME **STARS** FELL
CRAZILY FROM THEIR
ORBITS TO **HEAR** THE
SEA-MAIDEN'S
MUSIC.

I REMEMBER.

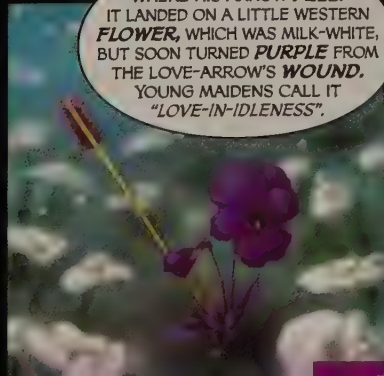


THAT
SAME NIGHT
I SAW - BUT **YOU**
COULD **NOT** - **CUPID**,
FLYING **BETWEEN** THE
MOON AND THE
EARTH.

HE WAS
ARMED WITH HIS **ARROWS**,
AND HE TOOK **AIM** AT A FAIR
VIRGIN QUEEN IN THE WEST. HE
SHOT AN **ARROW** FROM HIS BOW SO
FAST, IT COULD HAVE **PIERCED**
A HUNDRED-THOUSAND
HEARTS.

BUT I **SAW**
CUPID'S FIERY ARROW
EXTINGUISHED BY THE
PURITY OF THE **MOON'S** WATERY
BEAMS - AND THE VIRGIN QUEEN
WENT ON HER **WAY**, IN INNOCENT
PRAYER, **WITHOUT** BEING
HIT.

STILL, I NOTED
WHERE HIS ARROW **FELL**.
IT LANDED ON A LITTLE WESTERN
FLOWER, WHICH WAS MILK-WHITE,
BUT SOON TURNED **PURPLE** FROM
THE LOVE-ARROW'S **WOUND**.
YOUNG MAIDENS CALL IT
"LOVE-IN-IDLENESS".





FETCH
ME THAT FLOWER -
I **SHOWED** IT TO YOU ONCE.
IF ITS **JUICE** IS SQUEEZED ONTO
THE SLEEPING **EYELIDS** OF A
MAN OR WOMAN, THEY WILL FALL
MADLY IN **LOVE** WITH THE
FIRST **CREATURE** THEY
SEE WHEN THEY
WAKE.

GET
ME THE FLOWER
AND BE **BACK** HERE
BEFORE A **WHALE**
CAN SWIM **THREE**
MILES!

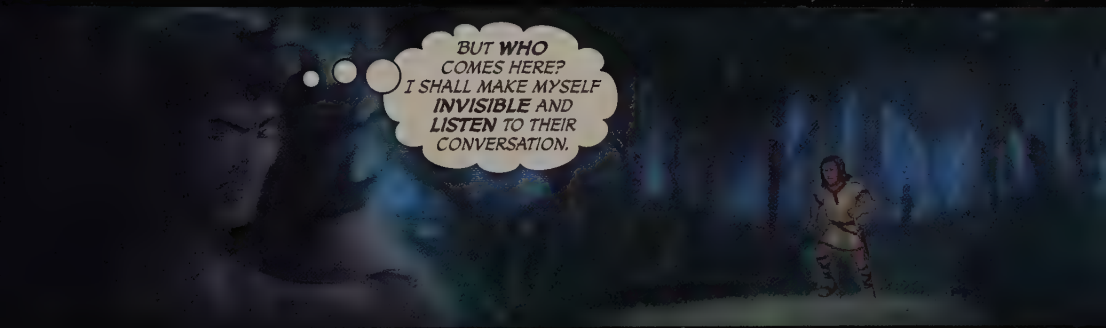
I'LL FLY
ROUND THE
EARTH IN FORTY
MINUTES.

WHEN I **HAVE**
THE JUICE OF THAT
FLOWER, I WILL DROP SOME
OF IT ONTO **TITANIA'S**
EYELIDS WHILE SHE'S
ASLEEP.



IN LOVE WITH THE
FIRST THING SHE SEES
WHEN SHE WAKES - EVEN IF
IT IS A LION OR A BEAR,
A WOLF OR A BULL,
A CHEEKY MONKEY
OR AN APE!

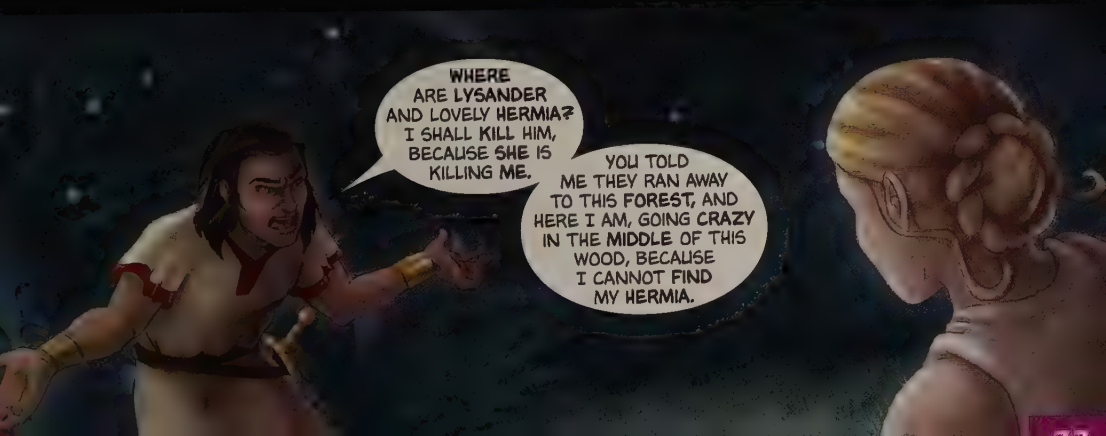
I CAN
BREAK THE CHARM
BY TREATING HER WITH
ANOTHER FLOWER; BUT,
BEFORE I DO, I WILL MAKE
HER GIVE ME HER
PAGEBOY.



BUT WHO
COMES HERE?
I SHALL MAKE MYSELF
INVISIBLE AND
LISTEN TO THEIR
CONVERSATION.



I DON'T
LOVE YOU,
SO STOP
FOLLOWING
ME!



WHERE
ARE LYSANDER
AND LOVELY HERMIA?
I SHALL KILL HIM,
BECAUSE SHE IS
KILLING ME.

YOU TOLD
ME THEY RAN AWAY
TO THIS FOREST, AND
HERE I AM, GOING CRAZY
IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS
WOOD, BECAUSE
I CANNOT FIND
MY HERMIA.

GO AWAY!
GET OUT OF
HERE AND STOP
FOLLOWING
ME.

YOU DRAW
ME TO YOU, LIKE
SOME CRUEL MAGNET.
BUT YOU DO NOT ATTRACT
IRON, BECAUSE MY
HEART IS AS TRUE
AS STEEL.

IF YOU
LOSE YOUR POWER
TO ATTRACT ME, I WILL
NOT FOLLOW YOU
ANY MORE.

DO I
ENCOURAGE
YOU? DO I TALK
PLEASANTLY
TO YOU?

OR DO I
TELL YOU PLAINLY
AND HONESTLY
THAT I DO NOT AND
CAN NOT LOVE
YOU?

AND
THAT MAKES YOU
LOVE ME EVEN
MORE.

I'M YOUR
LITTLE PUPPY DOG,
DEMETRIUS. THE MORE
YOU HURT ME, THE
MORE I LOVE
YOU.

TREAT ME
LIKE YOUR
LITTLE PUPPY DOG
- REJECT ME, HURT ME,
NEGLECT ME, LOSE ME -
BUT JUST ALLOW ME
TO FOLLOW YOU
AROUND.

COULD
I ASK FOR A LOWER
PLACE IN YOUR LOVE, THAN
TO BE TREATED LIKE YOUR
PET DOG? THAT PLACE
WOULD STILL BE DEAR
TO ME.

DON'T
PUSH MY HATRED
FOR YOU TOO FAR.
IT MAKES ME SICK
TO LOOK AT
YOU.

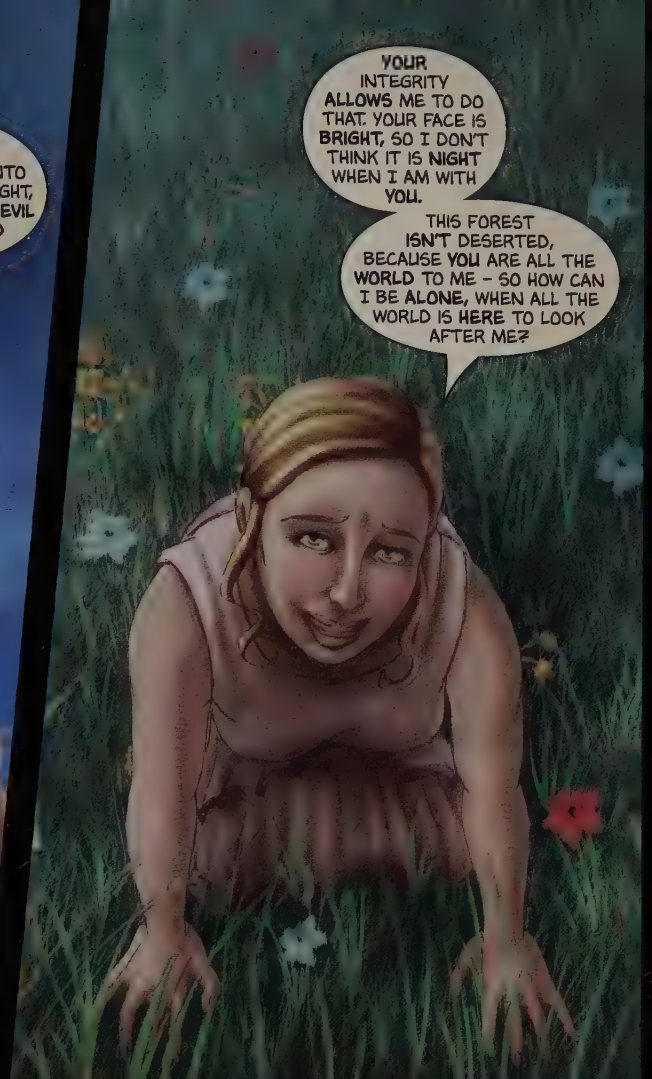
AND IT
MAKES ME
SICK WHEN I
CANNOT LOOK
AT YOU.

WHACK!



RISKING YOUR
REPUTATION, BY
LEAVING THE CITY AND
PUTTING YOURSELF IN THE
HANDS OF SOMEONE
WHO DOESN'T
LOVE YOU -

AND
TAKING YOUR
WORTHY PURITY INTO
THE DANGEROUS NIGHT,
EXPOSING IT TO THE EVIL
OF A DESERTED
PLACE.



YOUR
INTEGRITY
ALLOWS ME TO DO
THAT. YOUR FACE IS
BRIGHT, SO I DON'T
THINK IT IS NIGHT
WHEN I AM WITH
YOU.

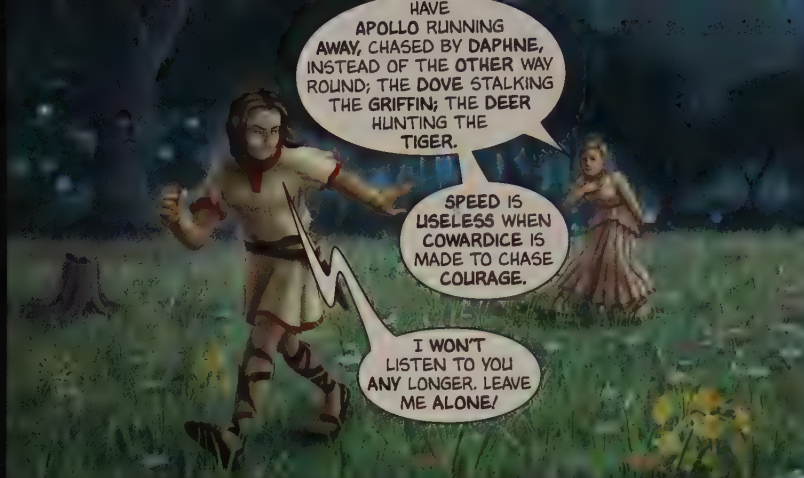
THIS FOREST
ISN'T DESERTED,
BECAUSE YOU ARE ALL THE
WORLD TO ME - SO HOW CAN
I BE ALONE, WHEN ALL THE
WORLD IS HERE TO LOOK
AFTER ME?



I'LL RUN AWAY FROM YOU
AND HIDE IN THE BUSHES,
LEAVING YOU AT THE
MERCY OF THE WILD
BEASTS.



EVEN
THE WILDEST
BEAST DOESN'T HAVE
A HEART LIKE YOURS. RUN
AS YOU WISH - CHANGE
THE ANCIENT
MYTH.



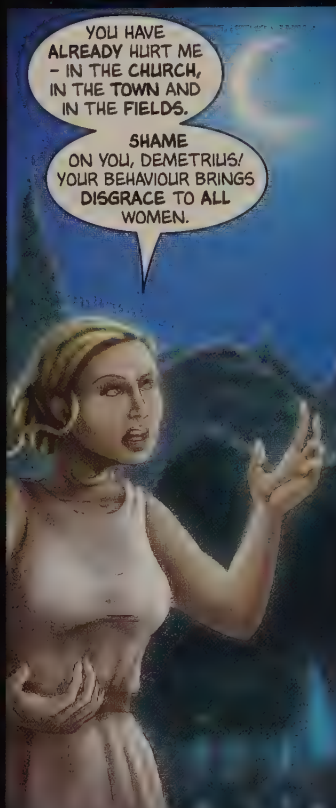
HAVE
APOLLO RUNNING
AWAY, CHASED BY DAPHNE,
INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY
ROUND; THE DOVE STALKING
THE GRIFFIN; THE DEER
HUNTING THE
TIGER.

SPEED IS
USELESS WHEN
COWARDICE IS
MADE TO CHASE
COURAGE.

I WON'T
LISTEN TO YOU
ANY LONGER. LEAVE
ME ALONE!

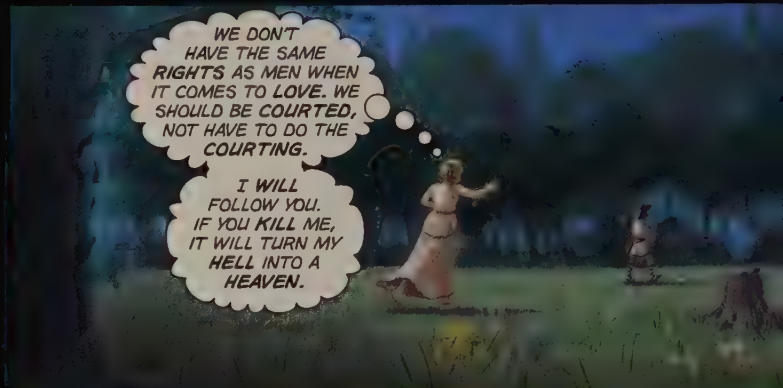


OR IF YOU
FOLLOW ME -
BELIEVE ME - HERE
IN THE FOREST, I WILL
DO SOMETHING TO
HURT YOU.



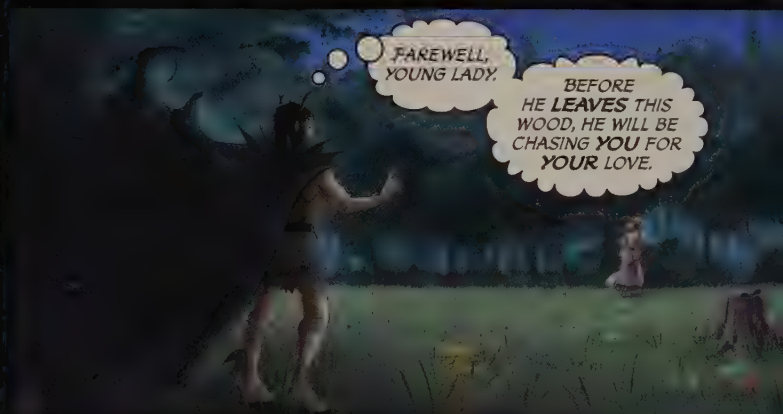
YOU HAVE
ALREADY HURT ME
- IN THE CHURCH,
IN THE TOWN AND
IN THE FIELDS.

SHAME
ON YOU, DEMETRIUS!
YOUR BEHAVIOUR BRINGS
DISGRACE TO ALL
WOMEN.



WE DON'T
HAVE THE SAME
RIGHTS AS MEN WHEN
IT COMES TO LOVE. WE
SHOULD BE COURTIED,
NOT HAVE TO DO THE
COURTING.

I WILL
FOLLOW YOU.
IF YOU KILL ME,
IT WILL TURN MY
HELL INTO A
HEAVEN.



FAREWELL,
YOUNG LADY.

BEFORE
HE LEAVES THIS
WOOD, HE WILL BE
CHASING YOU FOR
YOUR LOVE.



DO YOU HAVE
THE FLOWER?
YOU HAVE
RETURNED.

YES,
HERE
IT IS.

PLEASE,
GIVE IT TO
ME.



I KNOW
A PLACE WHERE
THYME **BLOOMS**;
WHERE **PRIMROSES**
AND **VIOLETS**
GROW.

IT IS
COVERED **OVER**
WITH LUXURIOUS
HONEYSUCKLE,
WILD-ROSE AND
SWEETBRIAR.



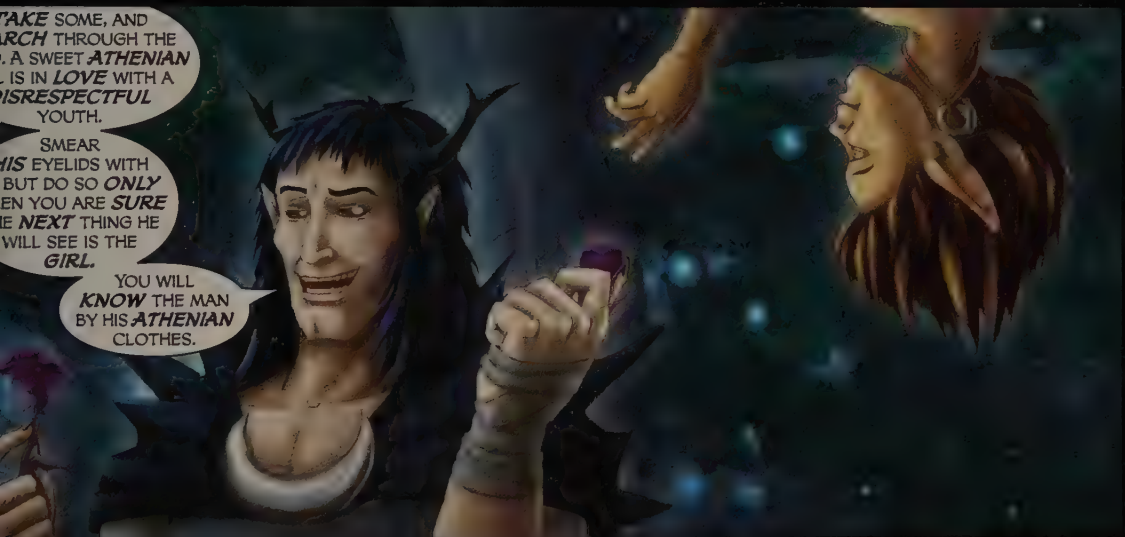
FLOWERS, BY **DANCES** AND
OTHER DELIGHTS. THAT IS WHERE
SNAKES SHED THEIR **SKIN**
AND THE LEAVES ARE **WIDE**
ENOUGH TO WRAP A
FAIRY IN.

I WILL
STREAK HER
EYELIDS WITH THE
JUICE OF THIS FLOWER
AND FILL HER MIND WITH
WEIRD **ILLUSIONS** AND
DESIRES.

TAKE SOME, AND
ARCH THROUGH THE
... A SWEET **ATHENIAN**
... IS IN **LOVE** WITH A
DISRESPECTFUL
YOUTH.

SMEAR
HIS **EYELIDS** WITH
BUT DO SO **ONLY**
EN YOU ARE **SURE**
THE **NEXT** THING HE
WILL SEE IS THE
GIRL.

YOU WILL
KNOW THE MAN
BY HIS **ATHENIAN**
CLOTHES.



DO IT
CAREFULLY, SO
THAT **HE** WILL LOVE
HER MORE THAN
SHE LOVES
HIM.

THEN
MEET ME BEFORE
THE FIRST **COCK**
CROWS AT
DAWN.



FEAR
NOT, MY LORD,
I WILL SEE IT
DONE.

Act II Scene II

ANOTHER PART
OF THE FOREST.

COME -
DANCE IN A
CIRCLE AND SING A
FAIRY SONG, THEN GO
OFF FOR A SHORT
WHILE.

SOME OF
YOU, KILL THE **BUGS**
IN THE WILD-ROSE BUDS.
OTHERS, FIGHT WITH **BATS**
FOR THEIR LEATHER WINGS,
TO MAKE **COATS** FOR MY
LITTLE ELVES.

SOME,
KEEP THE NOISY
OWL AWAY, WHO
HOOTS EVERY NIGHT
AND IS **CURIOUS**
ABOUT US
FAIRIES.

SING ME
TO **SLEEP**; THEN
GO OFF TO DO YOUR
WORK AND LET
ME **REST**.



WITH FOUR, LIKE A PRONG, SPIKY
HEDGEHOGS, DON'T BE SEEN.
FROGS AND LIZARDS, DO NO
WRONG, DON'T COME
NEAR OUR FAIRY
QUEEN.

NIGHTINGALE,
PLEASE **BEAUTIFY**
OUR MELODIC LULLABY,
LULLA-LULLA-LULLABY,
LULLA-LULLA-
LULLABY.

MAY NO
HARM, OR SPELL,
OR **CHARM,** MAKE OUR
LOVELY QUEEN **SIGH.**
GOODNIGHT, WITH THIS
LULLABY.

SPIDERS,
STAY **AWAY** FROM
HERE. SPIN YOUR WEBS
SOME **OTHER** PLACE!
BLACK **BEEETLES,** DON'T YOU
COME **NEAR.** **WORMS**
AND **SNAILS,** AVOID
OUR SPACE.

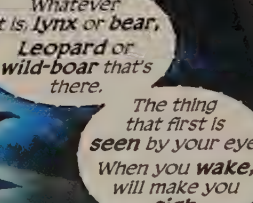
NIGHTINGALE,
PLEASE **BEAUTIFY**
OUR MELODIC LULLABY,
LULLA-LULLA-LULLABY,
LULLA-LULLA-
LULLABY.

MAY NO
HARM, OR SPELL,
OR **CHARM,** MAKE OUR
LOVELY QUEEN **SIGH.**
GOODNIGHT, WITH THIS
LULLABY.



What
you see **first**
when you **wake**,
For your **sweetheart**
you'll **mistake**.
For its **love** your
heart will
ache.

WHY
it is **lyn**
Leo
wild-b
t



Whatever
it is, **lynx** or **bear**,
Leopard or
wild-boar that's
there.

The thing
that first is
seen by your eye,
When you **wake**,
will make you
sigh.

The thing
that first is
seen by your eye,
When you **wake**,
will make you
sigh.



USE TO FAINT FROM
WANDERING IN THIS FOREST.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
I THINK WE ARE
LOST.

WE CAN
REST HERE,
AND WAIT FOR
MORNING.

LET'S DO
THAT, LYSANDER.
FIND YOURSELF A BED,
AND I WILL LIE DOWN
ON THIS SLOPING
BANK.



WE CAN
SLEEP TOGETHER
ON THE GRASS.

TWO
BODIES, WITH
ONE HEART AND
ONE PLEDGE OF
LOVE.



LOVERS
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER.

I MEANT
THAT OUR HEARTS
ARE LINKED TOGETHER,
TO MAKE ONE
HEART.

OUR TWO
BODIES ARE
JOINED BY OUR
MUTUAL PLEDGE OF
LOVE. SO, LET ME
SLEEP BESIDE
YOU, HERMIA.

LYING
NEXT TO YOU IS
NOT THE SAME
AS LYING TO
YOU.

YOU
HAVE A WAY
WITH WORDS,
LYSANDER.

CURSE
MY MANNERS AND
MY PRIDE - I AM NOT
SUGGESTING YOU
ARE LYING;

BUT
PLEASE, DEAR,
SLEEP FURTHER AWAY
FROM ME, FOR THE
SAKE OF LOVE AND
RESPECT.

IT IS ONLY
PROPER THAT
A WELL-MANNERED
BACHELOR AND A WELL-
BEHAVED YOUNG LADY
SHOULD KEEP THEIR
DISTANCE.



GOODNIGHT,
MY DEAR - PLEASE
LOVE ME LIKE THIS
FOR EVER.



I WILL,
I WILL - I PROMISE
YOU. I WILL LOVE YOU
UNTIL I DIE. I WILL
MAKE MY BED
HERE.



MAY
SLEEP GIVE
YOU ALL ITS
REST!



I WISH
THE SAME
FOR YOU.

ZZZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZZ



THROUGH
THE FOREST
I HAVE GONE,
BUT STILL AM
YET TO FIND
THE ONE,

ON WHICH
TO USE THE
MAGIC FLOWER,
RELEASING ALL
ITS LOVING
POWER.

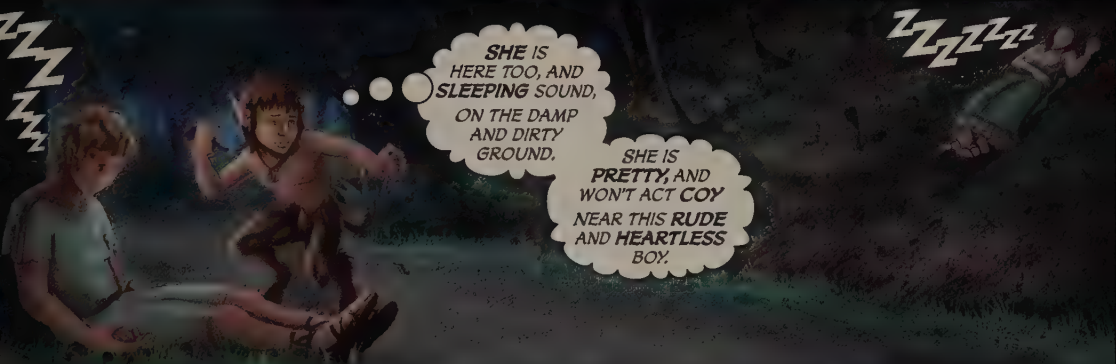


NIGHT
AND SILENCE -
WHO IS **THIS** MAN?
BY HIS CLOTHES,
HE IS AN
ATHENIAN!

ZZZZZZ



HE
IS THE MAN,
MY MASTER SAID,
WHO **SCORNE**D THE
KIND **ATHENIAN**
MAID.



SHE IS
HERE TOO, AND
SLEEPING SOUND,
ON THE DAMP
AND DIRTY
GROUND.

SHE IS
PRETTY, AND
WON'T ACT **COY**
NEAR THIS **RUDE**
AND **HEARTLESS**
BOY.

ZZZZZZ



THE **JUICE**
I **SQUEEZE** FROM
OUT THIS **FLOWER**
HAS MYSTICAL
AND MAGIC
POWER.

WHEN YOU
WAKE, YOU'LL
HAVE LOVE'S PAIN,
AND YOU WILL **NOT**
SLEEP SOUND
AGAIN.

ZZZZZZ



SQUEEZE



SO **AWAKE**
WHEN I AM **GONE**,
AS I **RETURN** TO
OBERON.

ZZZZZZ



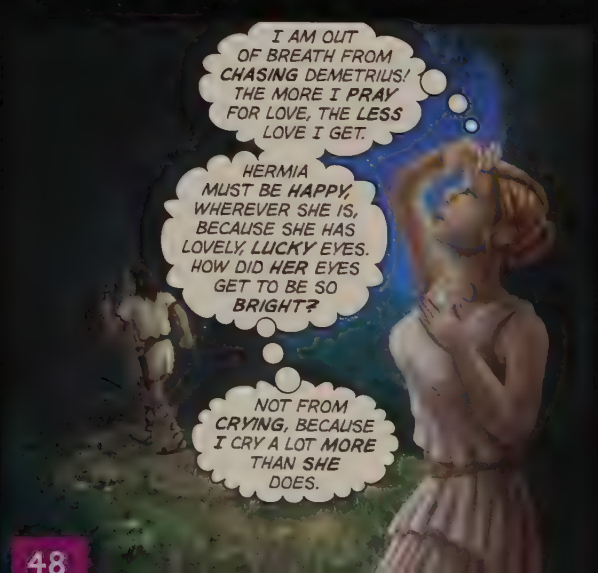
WAIT,
DEMETRIUS -
EVEN IF IT'S ONLY
TO KILL ME.

I ORDER
YOU TO GO AWAY!
STOP PESTERING
ME LIKE THIS!



DON'T
LEAVE ME
IN THE DARK
FOREST.

I'M
WARNING YOU, STAY
HERE! I'M GOING
ON ALONE.



I AM OUT
OF BREATH FROM
CHASING DEMETRIUS!
THE MORE I PRAY
FOR LOVE, THE LESS
LOVE I GET.

HERMIA
MUST BE HAPPY,
WHEREVER SHE IS,
BECAUSE SHE HAS
LOVELY, LUCKY EYES.
HOW DID HER EYES
GET TO BE SO
BRIGHT?

NOT FROM
CRYING, BECAUSE
I CRY A LOT MORE
THAN SHE
DOES.

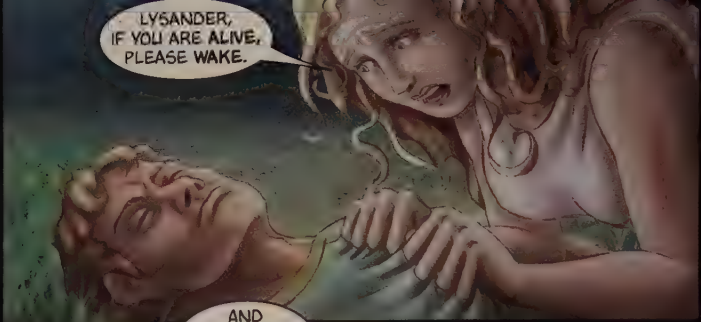


NO - I AM
AS UGLY AS A
BEAR. ANIMALS
RUN AWAY FROM
ME IN FEAR.

IT'S NO
SURPRISE THAT
DEMETRIUS RUNS
AWAY FROM ME,
AS IF I WERE A
MONSTER.

WHAT EVIL
AND DECEITFUL
MIRROR MADE ME
THINK I COULD
COMPETE WITH
HERMIA'S STARRY
EYES?





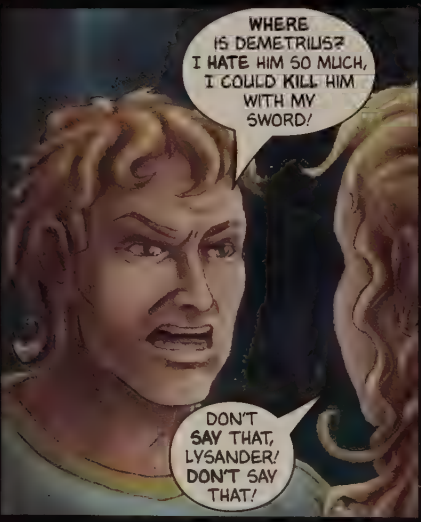
LYSANDER,
IF YOU ARE ALIVE,
PLEASE WAKE.



AND
I'LL RUN
THROUGH FIRE -
FOR YOUR
SAKE!



YOU'RE
TRANSPARENT,
HELENA - BECAUSE
I CAN SEE THROUGH
YOUR BODY, INTO
YOUR HEART.



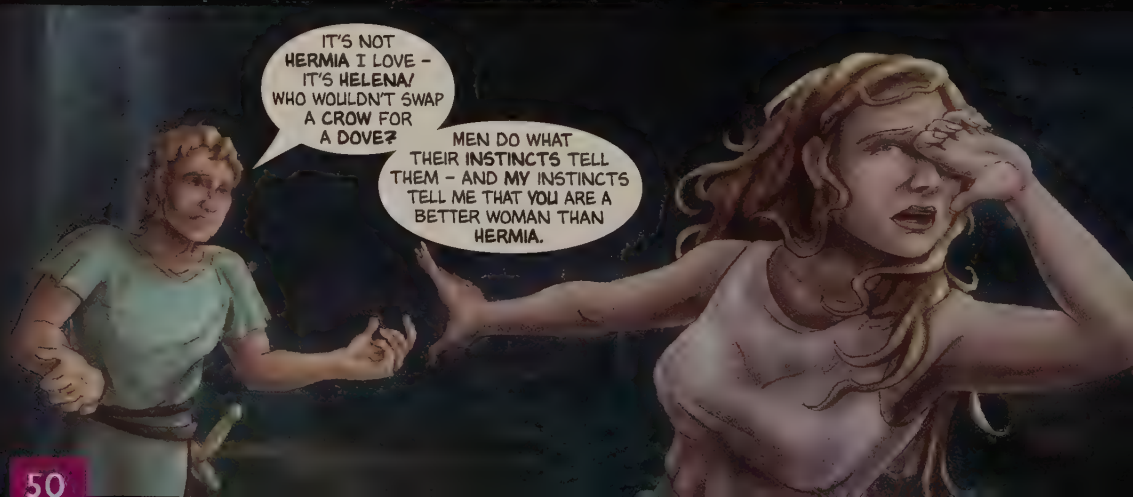
WHERE
IS DEMETRIUS?
I HATE HIM SO MUCH,
I COULD KILL HIM
WITH MY
SWORD!

DON'T
SAY THAT,
LYSANDER!
DON'T SAY
THAT!



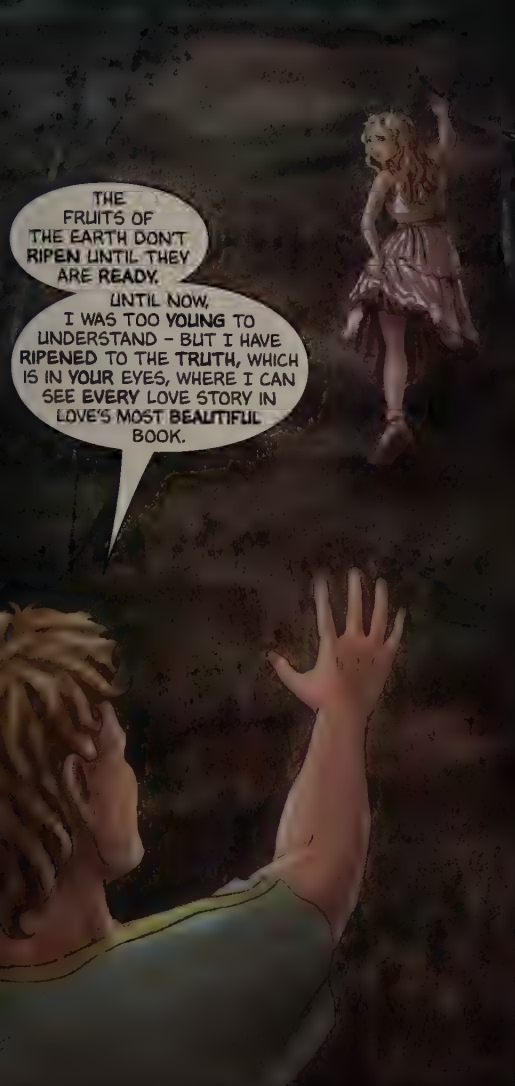
IT DOESN'T
MATTER THAT
HE LOVES HERMIA.
HERMIA LOVES YOU -
THAT SHOULD MAKE
YOU HAPPY.

HAPPY
WITH HERMIA?
NO! I AM SORRY
I WASTED SO MUCH
TIME ON HER.



IT'S NOT
HERMIA I LOVE -
IT'S HELENA!
WHO WOULDN'T SWAP
A CROW FOR
A DOVE?

MEN DO WHAT
THEIR INSTINCTS TELL
THEM - AND MY INSTINCTS
TELL ME THAT YOU ARE A
BETTER WOMAN THAN
HERMIA.



THE
FRUITS OF
THE EARTH DON'T
RIPEN UNTIL THEY
ARE READY.

UNTIL NOW,
I WAS TOO YOUNG TO
UNDERSTAND - BUT I HAVE
RIPENED TO THE TRUTH, WHICH
IS IN YOUR EYES, WHERE I CAN
SEE EVERY LOVE STORY IN
LOVE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL
BOOK.



WHY
SHOULD I BE
MOCKED LIKE THIS?
WHAT DID I DO
TO DESERVE THIS
SARCASM FROM
YOU?

ISN'T IT
ENOUGH THAT
DEMETRIUS HATES ME,
WITHOUT YOU MAKING
FUN OF ME AND
ADDING INSULT TO
INJURY?



MY GOODNESS -
IT IS VERY WRONG OF
YOU TO MAKE A PASS AT
ME IN THIS JEERING
MANNER.

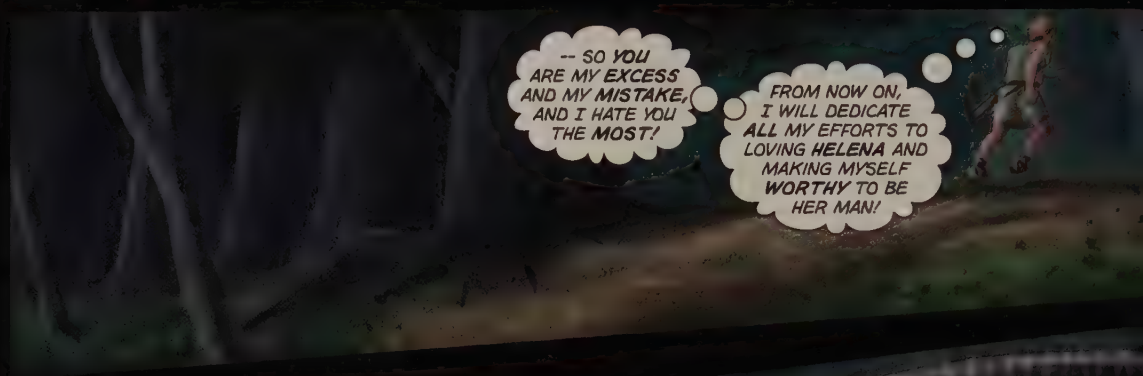
FAREWELL/
I MUST SAY,
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE A MUCH
KINDER PERSON
THAN THAT.

HOW AWFUL
THAT A YOUNG
LADY, HAVING BEEN
REJECTED BY ONE
MAN, MUST BE
INSULTED BY
ANOTHER!



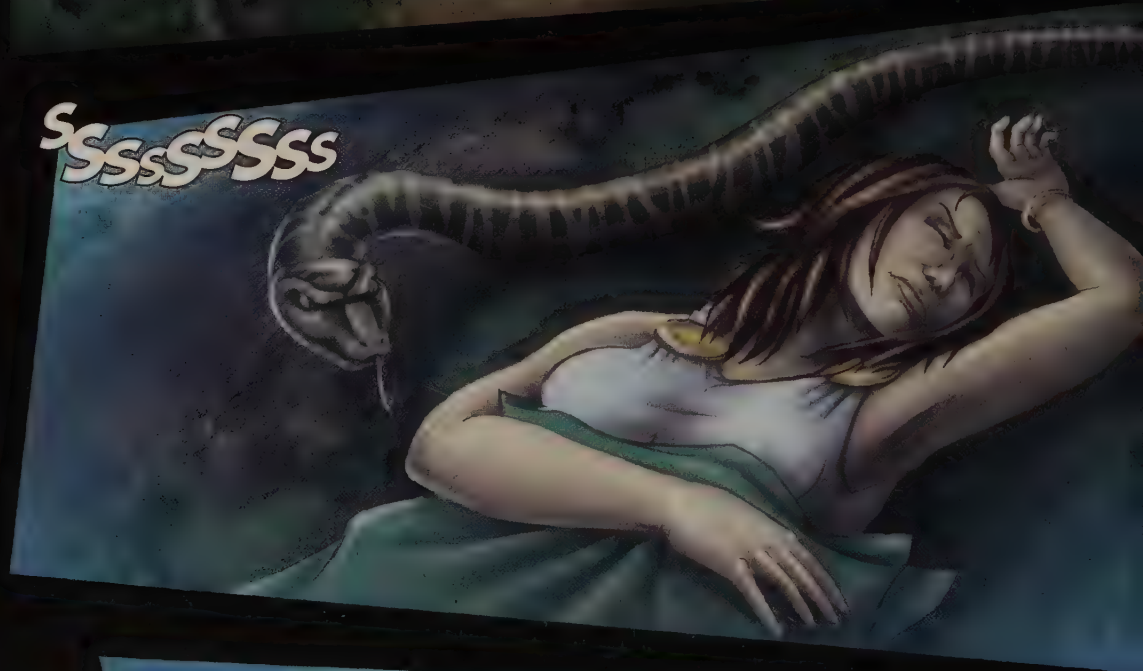
SHE DID!
SEE HERMIA THERE.
STAY ASLEEP, HERMIA,
AND NEVER COME
NEAR ME AGAIN!

IN THE SAME
WAY THAT TOO MANY
SWEET THINGS CAN GIVE
YOU A SICK STOMACH, AND
MEN HATE THEIR OWN
MISTAKES THE
MOST --



-- SO YOU
ARE MY EXCESS
AND MY MISTAKE,
AND I HATE YOU
THE MOST!

FROM NOW ON,
I WILL DEDICATE
ALL MY EFFORTS TO
LOVING HELENA AND
MAKING MYSELF
WORTHY TO BE
HER MAN!





HELP ME,
LYSANDER!
HELP ME!

GET THIS
CRAWLING
SNAKE OFF
ME!

OH MY
GOODNESS!
IT A NIGHTMARE
HAD! LOOK HOW
AM SHAKING,
LYSANDER.



I THOUGHT
A SNAKE WAS
EATING MY HEART
OUT, WHILE YOU
SAT SMILING.



LYSANDER/
WHAT, IS HE GONE?
LYSANDER! CAN'T HE
HEAR ME? IS HE GONE?
I CAN'T HEAR A SOUND!
OH - WHERE ARE
YOU?

SAY
SOMETHING, IF
YOU CAN HEAR ME. SAY
SOMETHING, PLEASE -
I AM FAINT WITH
FEAR.



NO?
IT MEANS YOU
ARE NOT NEARBY.
IF I DON'T FIND
YOU SOON,
I'LL DIE.



Act III Scene I

THE FOREST,
NEAR ATHENS.

ARE
WE ALL
HERE?

ALL ON
TIME; AND THIS
IS A PERFECT
PLACE TO
REHEARSE.

THIS GRASSY
SPACE SHALL BE OUR
STAGE, AND THESE BUSHES
CAN BE OUR DRESSING ROOM.
WE WILL PERFORM OUR PLAY
JUST AS WE WILL FOR
THE DUKE.



PETER
QUINCE --

WHAT
IS IT, BULLY
BOTTOM?

THERE ARE
THINGS IN THIS
PYRAMUS AND THISBE
COMEDY THAT WON'T
GO DOWN
WELL.

FIRST,
PYRAMUS HAS TO
KILL HIMSELF WITH HIS
SWORD - THE LADIES
WON'T BE HAPPY WITH
THAT. DO YOU
AGREE?

MY WORD,
THAT IS A
PROBLEM!

NOW YOU
MENTION IT,
I THINK WE WILL
HAVE TO LEAVE
THE KILLING
OUT.

NOT AT ALL/
I KNOW HOW TO
GET AROUND
IT.

REAL HARM WITH OUR SWORDS, AND THAT PYRAMUS ISN'T REALLY KILLED. FOR THAT MATTER, TELL THEM THAT PYRAMUS ISN'T PYRAMUS AT ALL, BUT ME, BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

THAT WILL STOP THEM GETTING SCARED.

RY WELL, WE WILL
AN INTRODUCTION.
BE IN BALLAD-METER:
T BEATS IN A LINE,
THEN SIX.

NO, MAKE
IT TWO MORE:
WRITE IT IN EIGHT
AND EIGHT.

WON'T
THE LADIES BE
AFRAID OF THE
LION?

I AM
VERY WORRIED
ABOUT THAT.

ACTORS - WE NEED
TO THINK ABOUT THIS/
TO BRING A LION AMONGST
LADIES IS A DANGEROUS THING,
LORD PROTECT US! THE LION
IS THE MOST FRIGHTENING
BIRD-OF-PREY ALIVE.
WE NEED TO SORT
THIS OUT!

ANOTHER
INTRODUCTION? TO
SAY HE ISN'T REALLY
A LION?

NO, WE HAVE TO SAY
WHO HE IS; AND PART OF
HIS FACE HAS TO BE SEEN
THROUGH THE LION'S
NECK.

HE CAN
SPEAK THROUGH
IT HIMSELF AND SAY
SOMETHING TO THE
DEFECT OF --

"LADIES,"
OR --

"DEAR LADIES,
I'D LIKE YOU,"
OR --

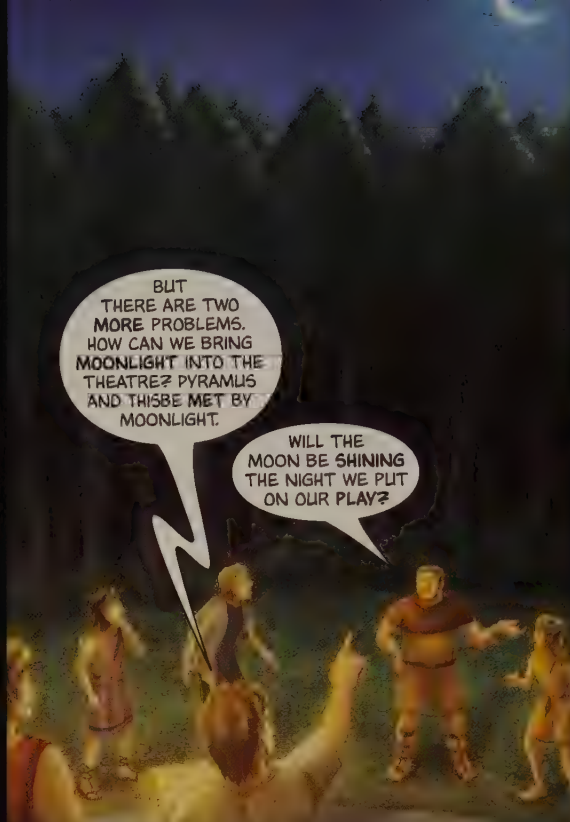
"I'D LIKE
TO ASK YOU,"
OR --

"I'D LIKE
TO BEG YOU NOT
TO BE AFRAID, NOT
TO SHAKE - YOU'RE
PERFECTLY SAFE --"

"-- MY OWN LIFE WOULD
BE AT RISK IF YOU THINK
I AM A REAL LION. I AM NO
SUCH THING! I AM A MAN,
JUST LIKE OTHER
MEN."

THEN
HE CAN SAY
WHO HE IS, AND
TELL THEM CLEARLY,
HE IS SNUG THE
JOINER.

VERY
WELL. THAT
IS WHAT WE
WILL DO.



BUT THERE ARE TWO MORE PROBLEMS. HOW CAN WE BRING MOONLIGHT INTO THE THEATRE? PYRAMUS AND THISBE MET BY MOONLIGHT.

WILL THE MOON BE SHINING THE NIGHT WE PUT ON OUR PLAY?



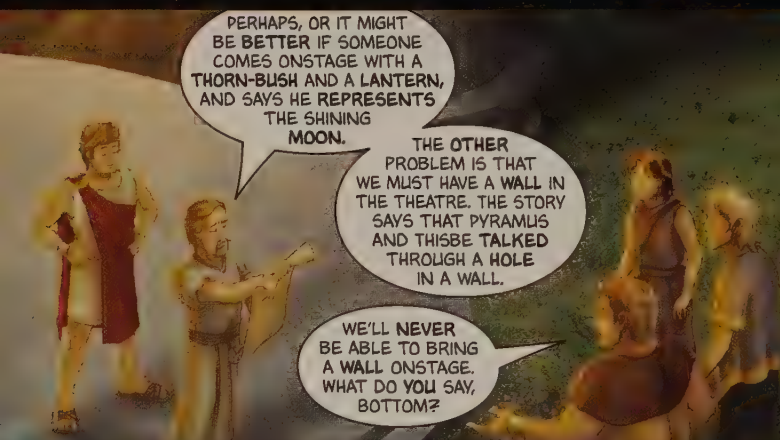
WE NEED A CALENDAR!

LOOK IN THE ALMANAC; FIND OUT WHEN THE MOON WILL SHINE!



YES, THE MOON SHINES THAT NIGHT.

THEN, JUST LEAVE A WINDOW OPEN IN THE THEATRE - THE MOON CAN SHINE IN THROUGH IT.



PERHAPS, OR IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF SOMEONE COMES ONSTAGE WITH A THORN-BUSH AND A LANTERN, AND SAYS HE REPRESENTS THE SHINING MOON.

THE OTHER PROBLEM IS THAT WE MUST HAVE A WALL IN THE THEATRE. THE STORY SAYS THAT PYRAMUS AND THISBE TALKED THROUGH A HOLE IN A WALL.

WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BRING A WALL ONSTAGE. WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOTTOM?



SOMEONE MUST REPRESENT A WALL. HE CAN CARRY SOME PLASTER, OR CLAY, OR GRAVEL TO SYMBOLISE A WALL; AND HE CAN HOLD HIS FINGERS LIKE THIS -

THEN PYRAMUS AND THISBE CAN WHISPER THROUGH THAT HOLE.



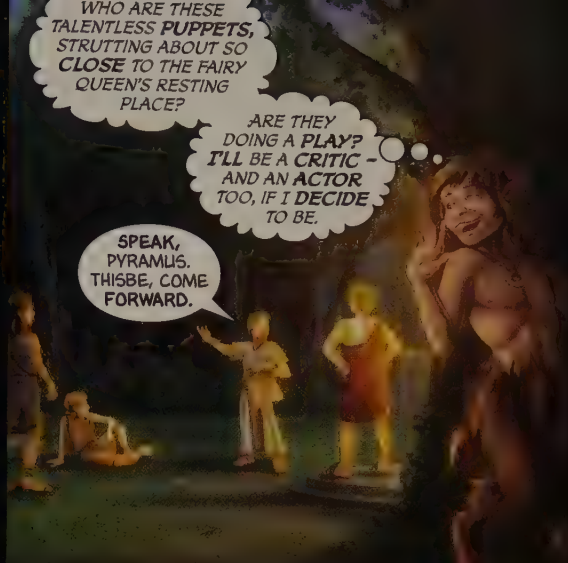
IF THAT WORKS, THEN EVERYTHING SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT.



EVERYONE,
COME AND
SIT DOWN TO
REHEARSE YOUR
PARTS.

YOU BEGIN,
PYRAMUS, AND
WHEN YOU HAVE
MADE YOUR SPEECH,
GO INTO THE
BUSHES.

EVERYONE
ELSE DO THE
SAME, ACCORDING
TO HIS CUE.



WHO ARE THESE
TALENTLESS PUPPETS,
STRUTTING ABOUT SO
CLOSE TO THE FAIRY
QUEEN'S RESTING
PLACE?

ARE THEY
DOING A PLAY?
I'LL BE A CRITIC -
AND AN ACTOR
TOO, IF I DECIDE
TO BE.

SPEAK,
PYRAMUS.
THISBE, COME
FORWARD.



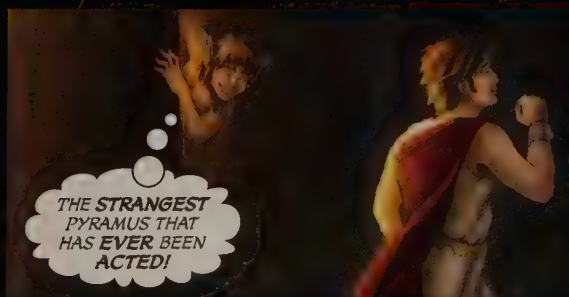
THISBE,
FLOWERS
HAVE A SWEET
AND ODOUS
SMELL -



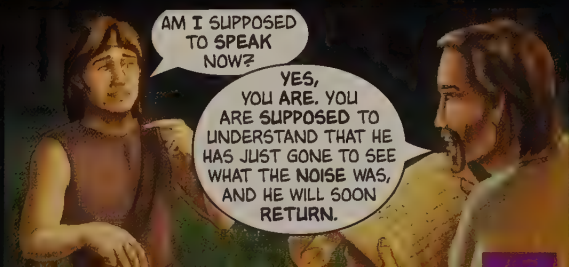
ODOURS!
ODOURS!



- A SWEET
ODOURS AND SMELL.
SO HAS YOUR BREATH,
MY DARLING LOVE, THISBE.
LISTEN - A VOICE!
WAIT HERE A SHORT SPELL,
AND I WILL RETURN TO
YOU PRESENTLY.



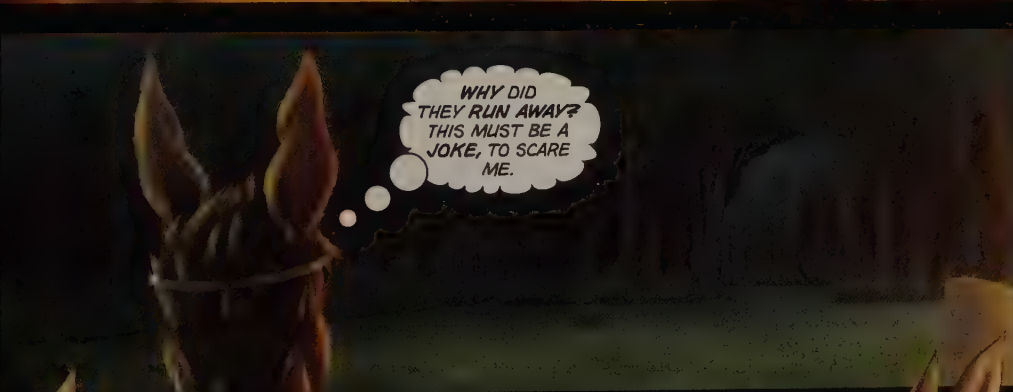
THE STRANGEST
PYRAMUS THAT
HAS EVER BEEN
ACTED!



AM I SUPPOSED
TO SPEAK
NOW?

YES,
YOU ARE. YOU
ARE SUPPOSED TO
UNDERSTAND THAT HE
HAS JUST GONE TO SEE
WHAT THE NOISE WAS,
AND HE WILL SOON
RETURN.







GOD HELP
YOU, BOTTOM -
YOU'VE BEEN
TRANSFORMED!



I SEE
WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO - THEY'RE
TRYING TO MAKE AN
ASS OUT OF ME -
TO FRIGHTEN ME,
IF THEY CAN.

BUT I WON'T
RUN AWAY; THEY CAN
DO WHAT THEY LIKE.
I'LL STROLL UP AND DOWN
HERE, AND I'LL SING -
THEN THEY'LL HEAR
THAT I'M NOT
AFRAID.



THE
BLACKBIRD WITH
ITS DARKENED GOWN
AND ORANGE-YELLOW
BILL.

THE SONG
THRUSH WITH
ITS TUNEFUL SOUND,
THE WREN SO SHARP
AND SHRILL.



WHO
IS THAT ANGEL,
WAKING ME FROM
MY FLOWER
BED?



THE FINCH,
THE SPARROW
AND THE LARK,
THE CUCKOO
PLAIN AND
GREY,

SINGING
A MESSAGE ALL
MEN SHOULD MARK
AND DARE NOT
ANSWER
NAY.

WHO
WOULD WASTE
THEIR TIME TALKING
TO A FOOLISH
BIRD?

WHO
WOULD BOTHER
TO QUESTION A BIRD,
NO MATTER HOW
MUCH IT SANG,
"CUCKOO?"

PLEASE
ING **AGAIN**,
VELY MORTAL.
E TO **LISTEN** TO
SWEET VOICE - AND
CAPTIVATED BY
OUR BEAUTY.

YOUR
RY **QUALITIES**
ME **SWEAR** THAT
IS **TRULY** LOVE AT
FIRST **SIGHT**!



I DON'T
THINK YOU HAVE
MUCH REASON TO
LOVE ME, DEAR LADY.
BUT, TO BE HONEST WITH
YOU, REASON AND LOVE
ARE STRANGERS TO
EACH OTHER OF
LATE -

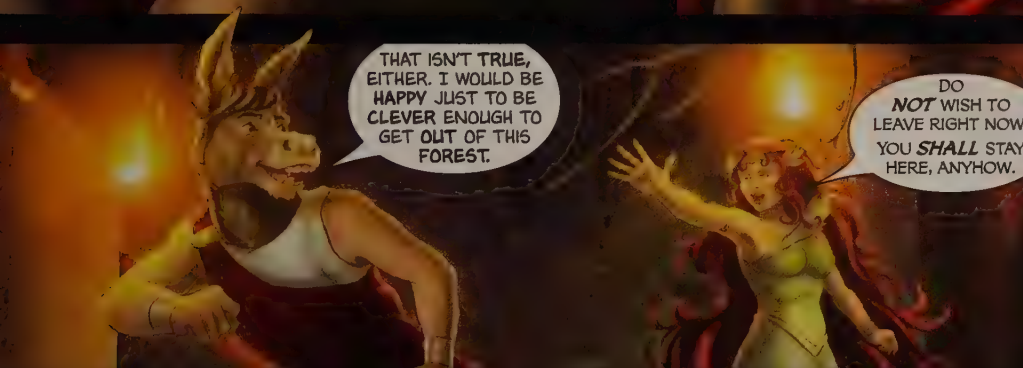
IT IS A PITY
SOMEONE DOESN'T
INTRODUCE THEM TO
EACH OTHER. **NAH**, I CAN
BE QUITE WITTY
SOMETIMES.

YOU
ARE AS **CLEVER**
AS YOU ARE
HANDSOME.



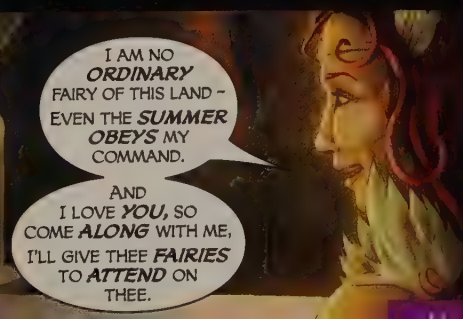
THAT ISN'T TRUE,
EITHER. I WOULD BE
HAPPY JUST TO BE
CLEVER ENOUGH TO
GET OUT OF THIS
FOREST.

DO
NOT WISH TO
LEAVE RIGHT NOW.
YOU **SHALL** STAY
HERE, ANYHOW.



I AM NO
ORDINARY
FAIRY OF THIS LAND -
EVEN THE **SUMMER**
OBEYS MY
COMMAND.

AND
I LOVE **YOU**, SO
COME **ALONG** WITH ME,
I'LL GIVE THEE **FAIRIES**
TO **ATTEND** ON
THEE.



FROM THE OCEAN **DEEP**
AND **SING**, WHILE ON
PRESSED **FLOWERS**
YOU SLEEP.

I'LL **RID**
YOU OF YOUR
MORTALITY,
AND TURN YOU INTO
A **FAIRY**, JUST
LIKE **ME**.

PEASEBLOSSOM!

COBWEB!

MOTH!

MUSTARDSEED!

I'M
READY.

ME TOO.

AND
ME.

AND
ME.

WHERE
DO YOU **WANT**
US TO GO?

BE **KIND** TO
THIS GENTLEMAN, IF
YOU PLEASE.

FOLLOW
HIM ROUND AND
MAKE HIM FEEL AT **EASE**.
FEED HIM WITH APRICOTS
AND BLACKBERRIES,
PURPLE GRAPES, FIGS
AND MULBERRIES,
AND BAGS OF **HONEY**
FROM THE BUMBLE-
BEES.

MAKE **CANDLES** FOR
HIM FROM THEIR WAXY THIGHS
AND **LIGHT** THEM WITH A
GLOW-WORM'S **EYES**

SO HE
CAN **SEE**
UNTIL SUNRISE.
PLUCK THE
WINGS FROM
BUTTERFLIES,

TO **FAN**
THE **MOON** FROM
HIS SLEEPING **EYES**.
BOW TO HIM
AND SHOW HIM
COURTESIES.

HAIL,
MORTAL!

HAIL!

HAIL!

HAIL!



I BEG
YOUR WORSHIP'S
PARDON, MOST
HEARTILY!



PLEASE
TELL ME YOUR
NAME, YOUR
WORSHIP?

COBWEB.

I SHALL
WANT TO GET TO
KNOW YOU BETTER,
TER COBWEB. IF I CLUT
FINGER, I SHALL USE
YOU AS A BANDAGE.

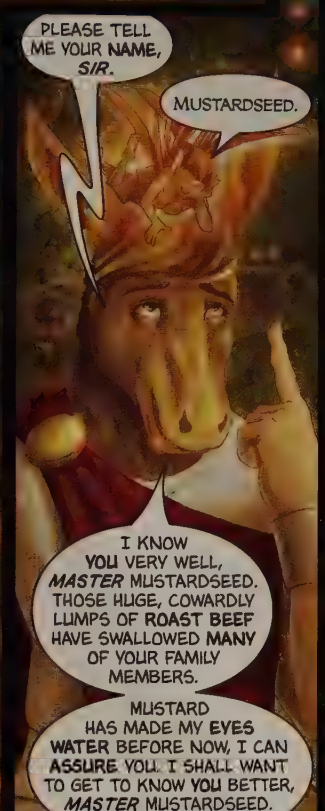


YOUR
NAME, YOUNG
GENTLEMAN?

PEASEBLOSSOM.

PLEASE
GIVE MY REGARDS
TO YOUR MOTHER,
MISSUS SWEETPEA -
AND TO YOUR
FATHER, MISTER
PEAPOD.

I SHALL
WANT TO GET TO
KNOW YOU BETTER
TOO, **MASTER**
PEASEBLOSSOM.



PLEASE TELL
ME YOUR NAME,
SIR.

MUSTARDSEED.

I KNOW
YOU VERY WELL,
MASTER MUSTARDSEED.
THOSE HUGE, COWARDLY
LUMPS OF ROAST BEEF
HAVE SWALLOWED MANY
OF YOUR FAMILY
MEMBERS.

MUSTARD
HAS MADE MY EYES
WATER BEFORE NOW, I CAN
ASSURE YOU. I SHALL WANT
TO GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER,
MASTER MUSTARDSEED.



LOOK
AFTER HIM AND
BRING HIM TO MY **BED**.
TONIGHT, THE MOON
SEEMS **SAD** AT
HEART.

AND WHEN IT
WEEPS, FLOWERS'
TEARS ARE SHED
FOR **LOVERS**
WHO MUST BE
APART.

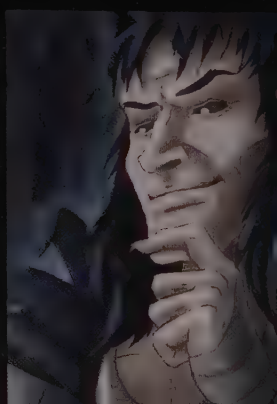
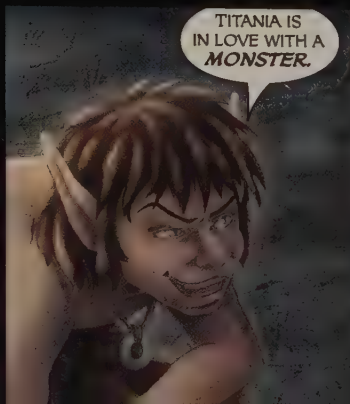
AND MAKE
HIS TONGUE
QUIET IN HIS
HEAD.

Act III Scene II

ANOTHER PART
OF THE FOREST.

I WONDER
IF **TITANIA** HAS
WOKEN UP
YET --

-- AND WHAT
SHE SAW **FIRST** --
THE THING SHE WILL
FALL MADLY IN
LOVE WITH.



NEAR TO
WHERE TITANIA LAY,
CALMLY *SLEEPING*
THE HOURS AWAY,

A GROUP
OF WORKMEN,
PLAIN AS LEAD,
WHO WORK IN ATHENS
FOR THEIR
BREAD,

WERE
TRYING TO
REHEARSE A *PLAY*,
TO *PERFORM*
FOR *THESEUS'S*
WEDDING DAY.

THE
ONE I FOUND
MOST TEDIOUS,
WHO PLAYED
THE PART OF
PYRAMUS,

LEFT
THE SCENE
TO *HIDE* APART,
AND *THERE* I USED
MY *SKILFUL*
ART,

TO
CHANGE HIS HEAD
TO ONE OF AN *ASS!*
SOON, THISBE *CALLED*
HIM FROM THE
GRASS,

AND
WHEN HIS FRIENDS
SAW HOW HE *LOOKED*,
THEY *REALLY* THOUGHT
THEIR GOOSE WAS
COOKED.

THEY FLEW LIKE
BIRDS DO, EVER *HIGHER*,
WHENEVER THEY HEAR
LOUD *GUN FIRE*,

AND
FRANTICALLY
RAN *ALL* AROUND,
LIKE *GEESSE* DO,
MADLY, ON THE
GROUND.

IN THE RUSH,
ONE TUMBLED *DOWN*,
CRIED "*MURDER*", AND
ASKED FOR *HELP*
FROM *HOME*.

THEIR
SENSES *GONE* FROM
OUT THEIR *BRAINS*,
FROM *THAT* POINT ON,
THEY FELT NO
PAIN,

AS THEY RAN
THROUGH *THORNS*,
BOTH HIGH AND LOW,
WHICH *TORE* AT THEIR
CLOTHING, *HEAD*
TO *TOE*.

I LED
THEM *AWAY* IN
THIS STATE OF *FEAR*,
AND LEFT *PYRAMUS*
STANDING
THERE.

THEN,
AT *THAT* POINT,
IT CAME TO *PASS*,
TITANIA *WOKE*, AND
FELL IN *LOVE* WITH
THE *ASS!*



THIS HAS TURNED OUT
BETTER THAN MY PLAN.
DID YOU FIND THE
ATHENIAN
MAN,

AND
PUT THE
LOVE-JUICE
INTO HIS
EYES?

YES,
I TOOK HIM BY
SURPRISE,

WHILE HE
SLEPT NEAR HIS MAID -
SO **NO** MISTAKES;
SHE'LL BE THE **FIRST**
THING HE SEES WHEN
HE **AWAKES.**

THIS IS
THE **WOMAN,**
BUT **NOT** THE
MAN.

STAY
CLOSE - THIS
IS THE **VERY**
MAN.

WHY DO YOU
SCOLD SOMEONE WHO
LOVES YOU SO MUCH?
WORDS LIKE THAT SHOULD
BE SAVED FOR YOUR
WORST ENEMY.

NOW, I AM
ONLY SCOLDING YOU;
I SHOULD DO A LOT WORSE!
IF YOU KILLED LYSANDER
IN HIS SLEEP, YOU HAVE
GIVEN ME EVERY REASON
TO CURSE YOU.

IF YOU ARE
ALREADY UP TO YOUR
ANKLES IN BLOOD, THEN
WADE IN DEEPER AND
KILL ME TOO!

HE WAS
MORE FAITHFUL
TO ME THAN
THE SUN IS TO
DAYLIGHT.

WOULD
HE SNEAK OFF
WHILE I WAS
ASLEEP?

I'D SOONER
BELIEVE THERE'S A
HOLE IN THE CENTRE
OF THE EARTH, AND THE
MOON CAN PASS THROUGH
IT TO MEDDLE WITH
MIDDAY ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
WORLD.



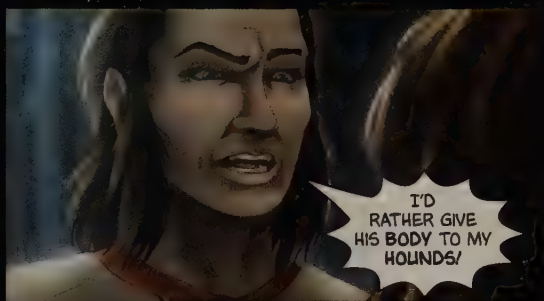
YOU MUST
HAVE MURDERED HIM!
YOU HAVE THE COLD,
GRIM LOOK OF A
MURDERER.

THAT'S THE
LOOK OF SOMEONE WHO
HAS *BEEN* MURDERED - AS
I HAVE, PIERCED THROUGH
THE HEART BY YOUR
CRUELTY.

YET YOU,
THE MURDERER, LOOK
AS BRIGHT AND CLEAR
AS A STAR IN THE
SKY.



WHAT HAS THAT GOT
TO DO WITH LYSANDER?
WHERE IS HE?
GIVE HIM BACK TO ME,
DEMETRIUS!



I'D
RATHER GIVE
HIS BODY TO MY
HOUNDS!



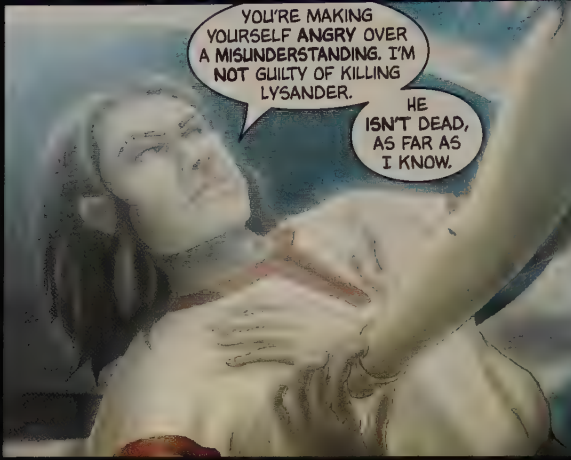
GET
AWAY FROM ME,
YOU DOG! YOU
COWARD!

YOU'RE
MAKING ME FORGET
I'M A LADY! HAVE YOU
KILLED HIM? FROM NOW ON,
YOU'RE NOT FIT TO CALL
YOURSELF A MAN! TELL THE
TRUTH FOR ONCE -
FOR MY SAKE!

YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE
DARED TO EVEN LOOK
AT HIM WHILE HE WAS
AWAKE --

-- DID YOU
KILL HIM WHILE
HE WAS SLEEPING?
HOW BRAVE! A WORM,
A SNAKE COULD
DO THAT!

A SNAKE
DID DO IT - BECAUSE
YOU HAVE A FORKED,
DECEIVING TONGUE,
JUST LIKE A
SNAKE!



YOU'RE MAKING YOURSELF ANGRY OVER A MISUNDERSTANDING. I'M NOT GUILTY OF KILLING LYSANDER.

HE ISN'T DEAD, AS FAR AS I KNOW.



PLEASE TELL ME HE IS ALL RIGHT.



IF I COULD, WHAT WOULD I GET OUT OF IT?

THE PRIVILEGE OF NEVER SEEING ME AGAIN.



AND NOW I AM GOING TO LEAVE YOUR HATED COMPANY. YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN, WHETHER HE IS DEAD OR NOT.



THERE IS NO POINT FOLLOWING HER IN THAT MOOD.

I'LL STAY HERE FOR A WHILE. SADNESS ALWAYS SEEMS WORSE WHEN WE ARE TIRED.



I'LL PUT THAT RIGHT NOW, AND HAVE A LITTLE NAP HERE.

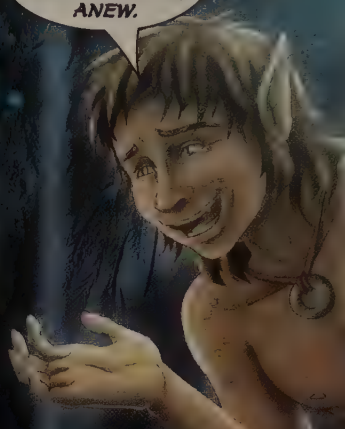




WHAT HAVE
YOU **DONE?**
YOU PUT THE LOVE-JUICE
ON THE EYELIDS OF THE
WRONG MAN BY
MISTAKE.

BECAUSE OF
YOUR **ERROR**, SOME
TRUE LOVE HAS TURNED
BAD, INSTEAD OF THE
OTHER WAY
ROUND!

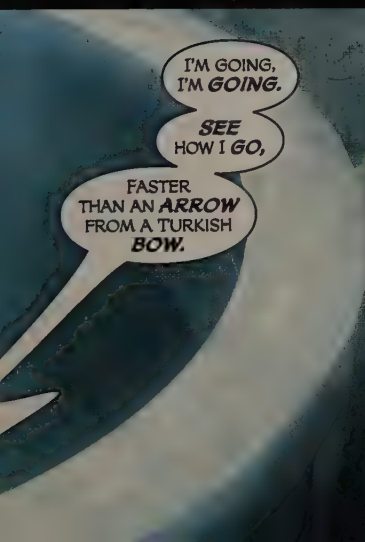
IT MUST BE
FATE; FOR EVERY
MAN THAT'S **TRUE**,
A MILLION **MORE**
EACH DAY TELL **LIES**
ANEW.



GO THROUGH
THE **FOREST**,
FASTER THAN THE **WIND**.
MAKE SURE YOU **FIND**
HELENA OF
ATHENS.

SHE IS
LOVESICK: ALL SAD
AND PALE FROM **SIGHING**.
USE SOME **TRICK** TO
BRING HER
HERE.

I'LL PLACE
THE **CHARM** ON
HIS EYELIDS, READY
FOR WHEN SHE
ARRIVES.



I'M GOING,
I'M GOING.

SEE
HOW I GO,

FASTER
THAN AN **ARROW**
FROM A TURKISH
BOW.



LOVE-JUICE
FROM THIS PURPLE
FLOWER,
THAT WAS STRUCK
BY **CUPID'S**
POWER,

SINK INTO
HIS **INNER** EYE.
LET HIS **LOVE**, WHEN
SHE COMES BY,

LOOK AS **LOVELY**
TO HIM AS **VENUS**,
SHINING, BRIGHT AND
GLORIOUS.

IF SHE'S **NEAR**
WHEN YOU **AWAKE**,
ASK HER TO **CURE** YOUR
LOVE-ACHE.

SQUEEE

ZZZZZZZZ

LEADER OF
OUR FAIRY BAND,
HELENA IS **CLOSE**
AT HAND --

-- AND
THE **YOUTH**,
MISTOOK BY **ME**,
PLEADING FOR HER
SYMPATHY.

SHALL
WE **WATCH**
THESE RIDICULES?
LORD, THESE HUMANS
ARE **SUCH**
FOOLS!

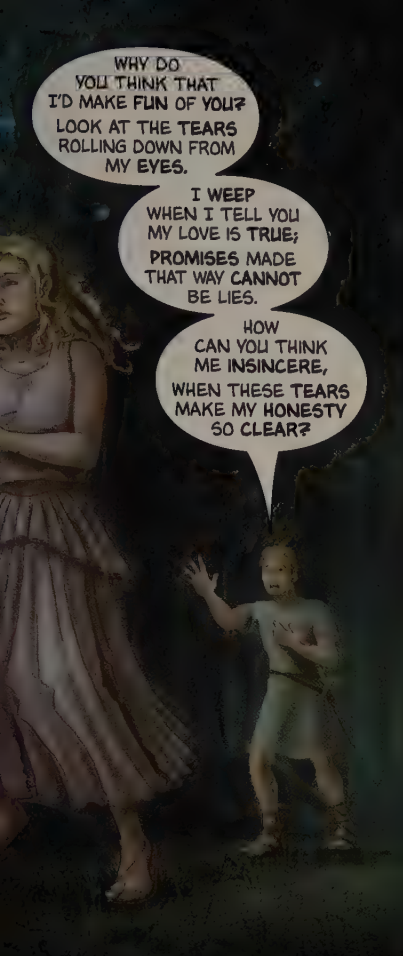
YAAAAHH!

STAND
ASIDE: THE
NOISE THEY MAKE
WILL CAUSE
DEMETRIUS TO
AWAKE.

THEN **BOTH**
MEN, UNDER THE
SPELLS WE MADE,
WILL LOVE THE VERY
SAME FAIR
MAID!

I'LL FIND THAT
FUN AND **HUMOROUS**,
TO SEE **SUCH** A THING
RIDICULOUS.

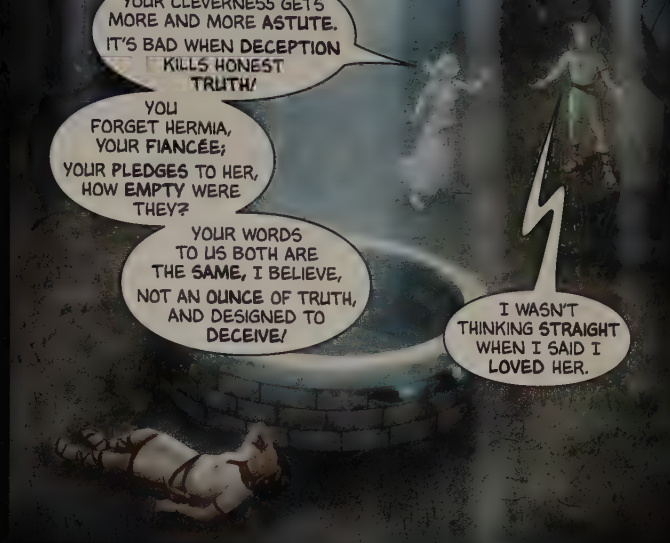
ZZZZZZZZ



WHY DO
YOU THINK THAT
I'D MAKE FUN OF YOU?
LOOK AT THE TEARS
ROLLING DOWN FROM
MY EYES.

I WEEP
WHEN I TELL YOU
MY LOVE IS TRUE;
PROMISES MADE
THAT WAY CANNOT
BE LIES.

HOW
CAN YOU THINK
ME INSINCERE,
WHEN THESE TEARS
MAKE MY HONESTY
SO CLEAR?



YOUR CLEVERNESS GETS
MORE AND MORE ASTUTE.
IT'S BAD WHEN DECEPTION
KILLS HONEST
TRUTH!

YOU
FORGET HERMIA,
YOUR FIANCEE;
YOUR PLEDGES TO HER,
HOW EMPTY WERE
THEY?

YOUR WORDS
TO US BOTH ARE
THE SAME, I BELIEVE,
NOT AN OUNCE OF TRUTH,
AND DESIGNED TO
DECEIVE!

I WASN'T
THINKING STRAIGHT
WHEN I SAID I
LOVED HER.



YOU'RE NOT THINKING
STRAIGHT NOW,
EITHER!

DEMETRIUS
LOVES HER, AND
HE DOESN'T
LOVE YOU.



HELENA - YOU
GODDESS!

YOU LOVELY,
PERFECT
GIRL!



HOW CAN I
DESCRIBE YOUR EYES,
MY LOVE? CRYSTAL IS
MUDDY COMPARED
TO THEM.

YOUR LIPS
ARE LIKE RIPE,
TEMPTING CHERRIES/
THE PURE DRIVEN SNOW ON
THE PEAK OF MOUNT TAURUS,
BLOWN BY THE EASTERN WIND,
IS BLACK COMPARED TO THE
WHITENESS OF YOUR
HAND.

OH, LET ME
KISS THAT HAND -
AND SEAL MY
HAPPINESS!



HOW
SPITEFUL AND
WICKED! I SEE YOU
ARE ALL DETERMINED
TO MAKE FUN
OF ME.

IF YOU HAD
ANY MANNERS AT
ALL, YOU WOULDN'T
HURT ME LIKE
THIS.

ISN'T IT
ENOUGH THAT YOU
HATE ME, WHICH I KNOW
YOU DO, WITHOUT JOINING
TOGETHER TO RIDICULE
ME TOO?

YOU MAY LOOK LIKE
MEN, BUT IF YOU WERE
REAL MEN YOU WOULDN'T
TREAT A HELPLESS LADY
THIS WAY -

PRaising
MY BEAUTY, WHEN
I KNOW YOU REALLY
HATE ME.

YOU'RE
BOTH RIVALS
FOR HERMIA'S LOVE,
AND NOW YOU'RE
RIVALS IN MAKING
FUN OF ME!

A FINE
THING/ A MANLY
THING, TO MAKE
A POOR GIRL CRY
WITH YOUR
TEASING.

NO
RESPECTABLE
PERSON WOULD HURT
AN INNOCENT GIRL AND
MAKE HER CRY, JUST
FOR THEIR OWN
AMUSEMENT.

DON'T BE SO
CRUEL, DEMETRIUS.
I KNOW YOU LOVE
HERMIA.

RIGHT
HERE, IN GOOD
FAITH AND WITH ALL
MY HEART, I GIVE
HERMIA'S LOVE
TO YOU.

IN
EXCHANGE, YOU
MUST GIVE HELENA
TO ME. I LOVE HER,
AND WILL DO SO
UNTIL I DIE.

I'VE NEVER
HEARD SUCH
NONSENSE!

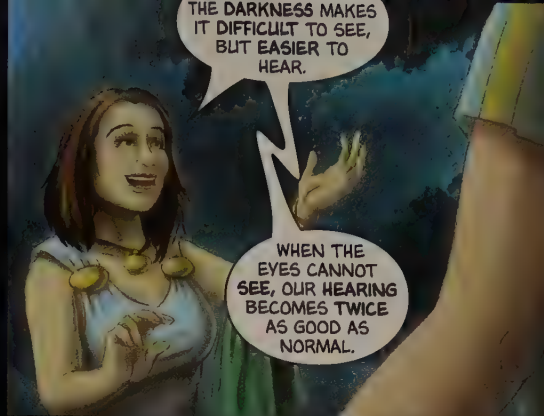
YOU CAN
KEEP HERMIA,
LYSANDER. I DON'T
WANT HER. ANY LOVE
I MIGHT HAVE HAD
FOR HER IS
GONE -

IT WAS
ONLY A SHORT-LIVED
FANCY. MY HEART HAS
COME HOME TO
HELENA -

AND
IT WILL STAY
WITH HER FOR
EVER!

THAT'S
NOT TRUE,
HELENA!

DON'T
INSULT A FAITH YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND,
OR YOU MIGHT PAY
DEARLY FOR IT.



Q



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ALL THE TIME WE SPENT TOGETHER - THE SECRETS WE SHARED, THE PROMISES WE MADE TO ALWAYS BE SISTERS, THE SADNESS WHEN WE HAD TO PART?

THE SCHOOLGIRL FRIENDSHIP, THE CHILDHOOD INNOCENCE?

YOU AND I, HERMIA, WE USED TO SIT ON THE SAME CUSHION AND EMBROIDER THE SAME FLOWER ON THE SAME PIECE OF CLOTH.

WE WOULD SING THE SAME SONG, IN THE SAME KEY - IT WAS AS IF OUR HANDS AND OUR BODIES, OUR VOICES AND OUR MINDS WERE ONE.

WE GREW UP TOGETHER, LIKE TWIN CHERRIES: APPEARING TO BE SEPARATE, BUT TOGETHER IN THAT SEPARATION. TWO LOVELY BERRIES ON ONE STEM, WITH TWO BODIES, AND ONE HEART.

TWO GIRLS, LIKE THE TWO HALVES OF A COAT OF ARMS, SITTING ON THE SAME BACKGROUND, AND WITH A SINGLE CREST.

TRA-LA-LA,
LA-LA-LAA.

TRA-LA-LA,
LA-LA-LAA.

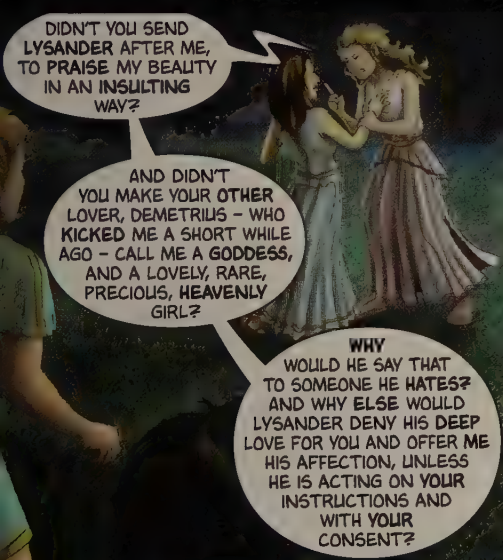


ARE YOU
GOING TO DESTROY
OUR OLD FRIENDSHIP BY
JOINING WITH THESE MEN
TO INSULT YOUR POOR
FRIEND?

IT ISN'T
VERY NICE, AND IT
ISN'T LADYLIKE/ WOMEN
EVERYWHERE WOULD SCOLD
YOU FOR DOING SO, EVEN
THOUGH I AM THE ONLY
ONE WHO IS GETTING
HURT.



I'M
CONFUSED BY WHAT
YOU ARE SAYING. I'M NOT
INSULTING YOU - IT SEEMS
LIKE YOU'RE INSULTING
ME.



DIDN'T YOU SEND
LYSANDER AFTER ME,
TO PRAISE MY BEAUTY
IN AN INSULTING
WAY?

AND DIDN'T
YOU MAKE YOUR OTHER
LOVER, DEMETRIUS - WHO
KICKED ME A SHORT WHILE
AGO - CALL ME A GODDESS,
AND A LOVELY, RARE,
PRECIOUS, HEAVENLY
GIRL?

WHY
WOULD HE SAY THAT
TO SOMEONE HE HATES?
AND WHY ELSE WOULD
LYSANDER DENY HIS DEEP
LOVE FOR YOU AND OFFER ME
HIS AFFECTION, UNLESS
HE IS ACTING ON YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS AND
WITH YOUR
CONSENT?



AND HERE AM I, LESS FORTUNATE
THAN YOU, LESS POPULAR, AND NOT
SO LOVED - DEEPLY MISERABLE
THAT I AM NOT LOVED BY
THE ONE I LOVE.

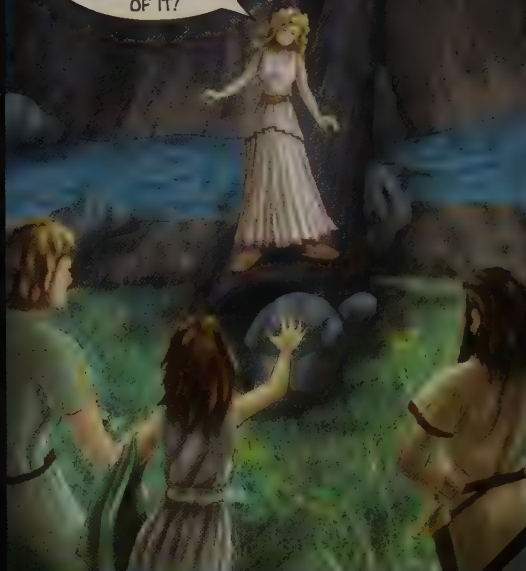


YOU SHOULD PITY
ME, RATHER THAN
HATE ME.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT.

OH FINE -
CARRY ON!
PRETEND TO BE SAD
FOR ME, THEN MAKE
FACES AT ME BEHIND
MY BACK.

WINK AT
EACH OTHER AND
KEEP THE GAME GOING.
IT'S SUCH A GOOD GAME
THAT YOU SHOULD
WRITE A RECORD
OF IT!



IF YOU HAD ANY PITY,
DECENCY OR MANNERS,
YOU WOULDN'T PRETEND
TO FIGHT OVER ME
LIKE THIS.

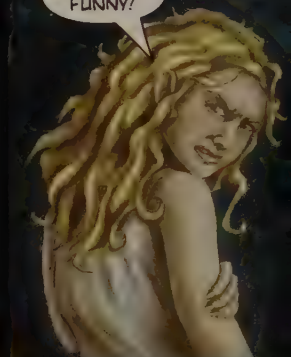
SO, GOODBYE!
THIS IS PARTLY MY
OWN FAULT, WHICH I
SHALL SOON PUT RIGHT
- BY EITHER DYING
OR LEAVING.



WAIT -
SWEET,
LOVELY
HELENA!

LET ME
EXPLAIN - MY LOVE,
MY LIFE, MY SOUL,
FAIR HELENA!

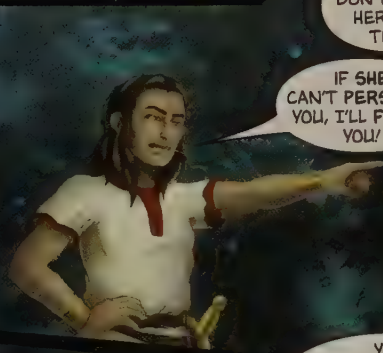
OH, VERY
FUNNY!



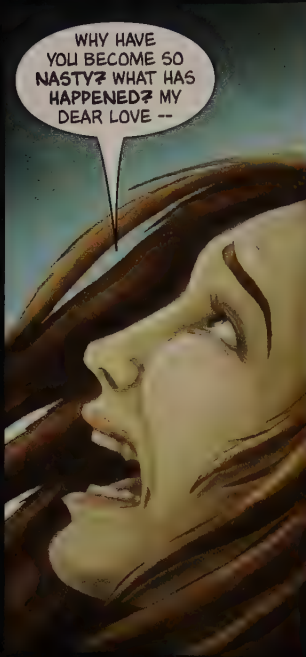
DARLING,
DON'T MOCK
HER LIKE
THAT.

IF SHE
CAN'T PERSUADE
YOU, I'LL FORCE
YOU!

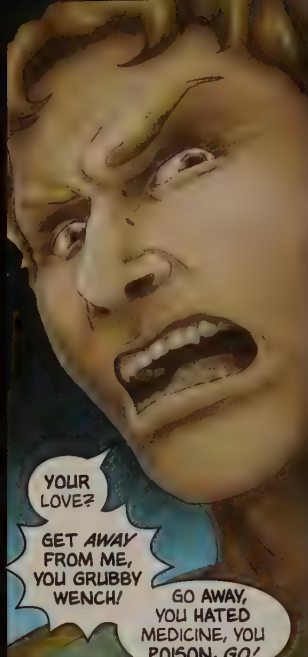
YOU
CAN'T STOP ME ANY
MORE THAN SHE CAN!
YOUR THREATS ARE NO
STRONGER THAN HER
APPEALS.







WHY HAVE YOU BECOME SO NASTY? WHAT HAS HAPPENED? MY DEAR LOVE --



YOUR LOVE?

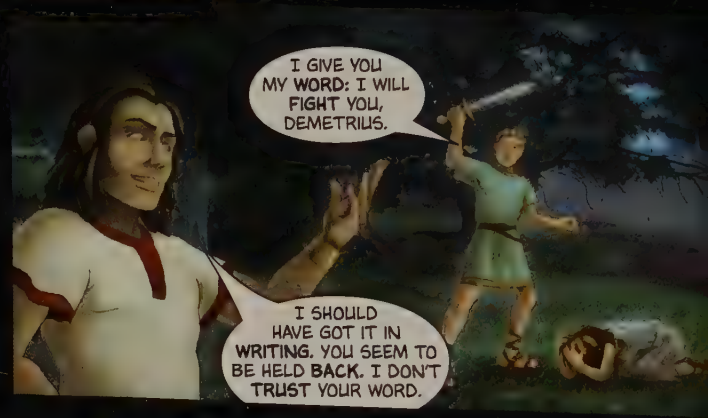
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU GRUBBY WENCH!

GO AWAY, YOU HATED MEDICINE, YOU POISON, GO!



TELL ME YOU ARE JOKING.

OF COURSE HE IS - AND SO ARE YOU.



I GIVE YOU MY WORD: I WILL FIGHT YOU, DEMETRIUS.

I SHOULD HAVE GOT IT IN WRITING. YOU SEEM TO BE HELD BACK. I DON'T TRUST YOUR WORD.



WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO HURT HER? HIT HER? KILL HER?

I MIGHT HATE HER, BUT I WON'T HARM HER.



WHAT? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HARM ME MORE THAN SIMPLY SAYING YOU HATE ME?

WHY DO YOU HATE ME? WHAT HAS HAPPENED, MY LOVE?

I AM STILL HERMIA; YOU ARE STILL LYSANDER. I AM AS FAIR NOW. I WAS LAST NIGHT. YOU LOVED ME THEN, BUT YOU LEFT ME.

YOU LEFT
ME/ OH, GOD
FORBID/ ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

I SWEAR
ON MY LIFE, I NEVER
WANTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
BELIEVE ME - THERE IS
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT -
IT IS BEYOND
DOUBT.

BE CERTAIN
THAT THERE IS NOTHING
MORE TRUE, AND THAT
IT IS NO JOKE - I HATE
YOU, AND I LOVE
HELENA!

OH MY!
YOU
HYPOCRITE!

YOU
SNAKE!

YOU HUSSY!
DID YOU SNEAK
LIP IN THE NIGHT
AND STEAL MY
LOVER'S HEART
AWAY?

THAT'S
RICH! HAVE YOU
NO RESPECT
FOR YOURSELF?
NO MODESTY?
NO SHAME?

YOU
WANT TO
FORCE MY
GENTLE MOUTH
TO ANSWER
HARSHLY?

SHAME
ON YOU,
YOU FRAUD,
YOU PUPPET,
YOU!

PUPPET?
WHY "PUPPET"?
OH, I SEE WHAT SHE IS
GETTING AT - SHE IS
REFERRING TO THE
DIFFERENCE IN OUR
HEIGHT.

SHE HAS
PARADED IN FRONT
OF HIM TO SHOW HOW
TALL SHE IS, AND HAS
WON HIM OVER WITH
HER HEIGHT.

DOES HE HAVE SUCH
A HIGH OPINION OF YOU
BECAUSE I AM SO
SHORT AND
LOW?

YAAAG

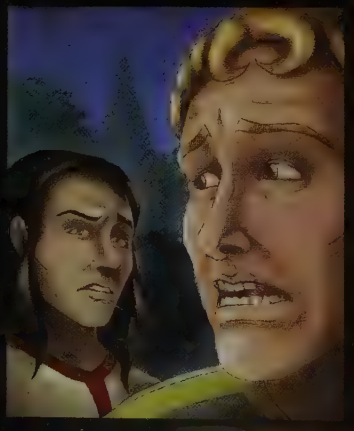
HOW SHORT
AM I, YOU PAINTED
MAYPOLE? TELL ME -
HOW SHORT
AM I?

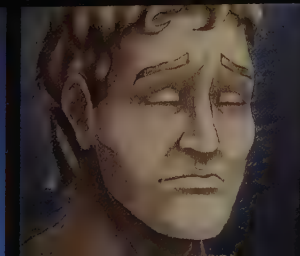
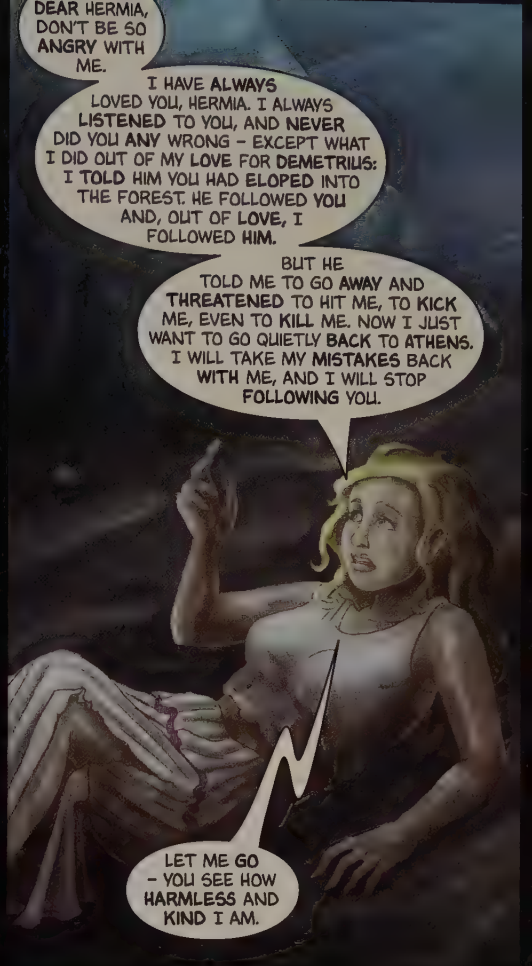
I AM NOT
TOO SHORT FOR
MY NAILS TO
REACH YOUR
EYES!

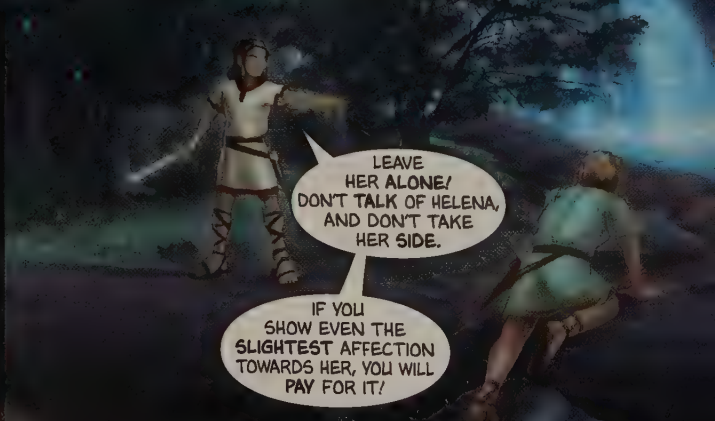
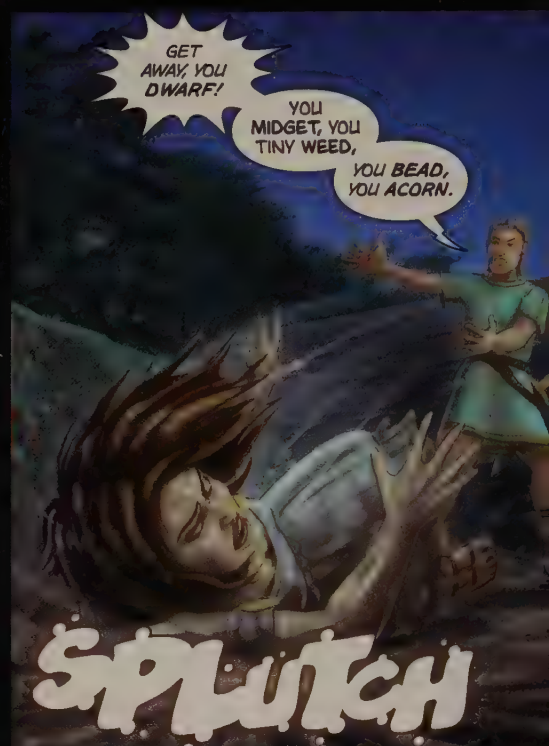
SPLATCH

PLEASE,
DON'T LET HER
HURT ME, GENTLEMEN
- NO MATTER HOW
MUCH YOU TEASE
ME.

I WAS
NEVER ANY
GOOD AT CURSING
OR CATTINESS









NO ONE IS
HOLDING ME BACK
NOW. FOLLOW ME,
IF YOU DARE, AND
WE'LL SEE WHICH ONE
OF US DESERVES
HELENA THE
MOST.



LOW YOU?
I'LL WALK
HT NEXT
TO YOU.



YOU, MADAM, ARE
THE CAUSE OF ALL
THIS TROUBLE.

STAY
WHERE YOU
ARE!

I DON'T
TRUST YOU, AND I'M
NOT GOING TO STAY HERE
IN YOUR CURSED COMPANY!
YOU MIGHT BE A BETTER
FIGHTER --



-- BUT
MY LEGS ARE
LONGER, AND
BETTER FOR
RUNNING.



I'M SO
CONFUSED.
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.



THIS IS ALL
YOUR FAULT!
YOU KEEP MAKING
MISTAKES - UNLESS YOU
MADE THIS MISCHIEF
DELIBERATELY.

BELIEVE
ME, KING OF
SHADOWS, IT WAS
A **MISTAKE.**

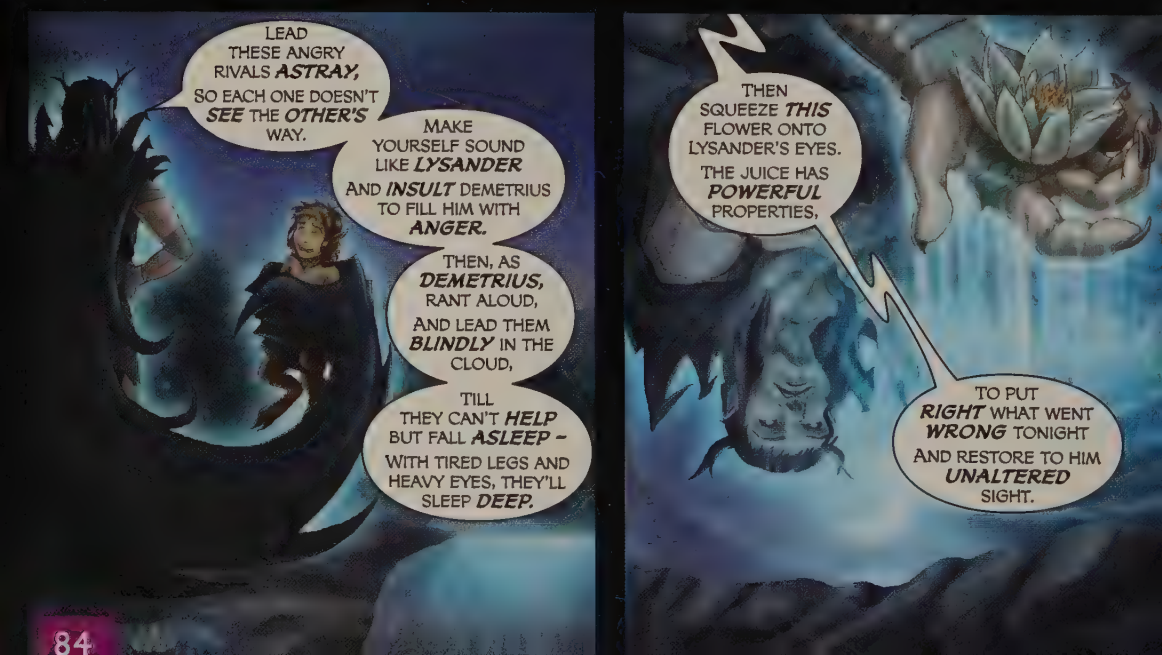
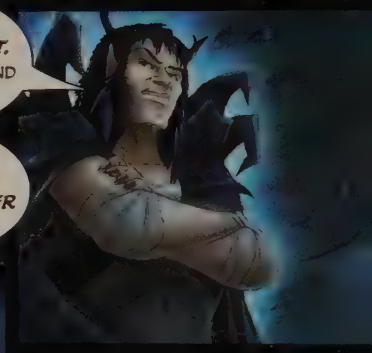


DIDN'T
YOU SAY I WOULD
KNOW THE MAN
BY THE **ATHENIAN**
CLOTHES HE
HAD **ON?**

IT IS
NOT **FAIR**
THAT YOU CHASTISE.
I PUT THE **JUICE** ON
AN **ATHENIAN'S**
EYES.

I'M **PLEASED**
WITH HOW ALL
THIS HAS **GONE:**
TO SEE THEM
ARGUE IS SUCH
FUN.

TWO MEN
ARE LOOKING FOR
A **PLACE** TO **FIGHT.**
GO THERE, ROBIN, AND
CLOUD THE
NIGHT;
COVER
THE **SKY,** MAKE
A DENSE **FOG** SWELL
AS **DARK** AS THE **RIVER**
THAT RUNS THROUGH
HELL.



LEAD
THESE ANGRY
RIVALS **ASTRAY,**
SO EACH ONE DOESN'T
SEE THE **OTHER'S**
WAY.

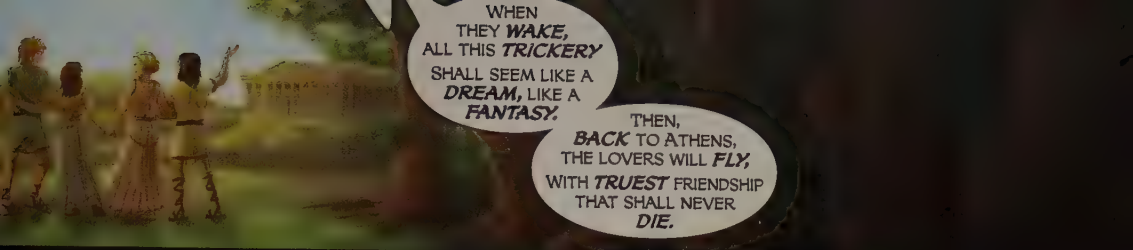
MAKE
YOURSELF SOUND
LIKE **LYSANDER**
AND **INSULT** DEMETRIUS
TO FILL HIM WITH
ANGER.

THEN, AS
DEMETRIUS,
RANT ALOUD,
AND LEAD THEM
BLINDLY IN THE
CLOUD,

TILL
THEY CAN'T **HELP**
BUT FALL **ASLEEP** -
WITH TIRED LEGS AND
HEAVY EYES, THEY'LL
SLEEP **DEEP.**

THEN
SQUEEZE **THIS**
FLOWER ONTO
LYSANDER'S EYES.
THE JUICE HAS
POWERFUL
PROPERTIES.

TO PUT
RIGHT WHAT WENT
WRONG TONIGHT
AND RESTORE TO HIM
UNALTERED
SIGHT.



WHEN
THEY **WAKE**,
ALL THIS **TRICKERY**
SHALL SEEM LIKE A
DREAM, LIKE A
FANTASY.

THEN,
BACK TO **ATHENS**,
THE **LOVERS** WILL **FLY**,
WITH **TRUEST** FRIENDSHIP
THAT SHALL NEVER
DIE.

WHILE
YOU'RE DOING THAT,
UNDER MY EMPLOY,
I'LL ASK **TITANIA** FOR
HER **INDIAN**
BOY.

THEN
FROM HER EYES,
THE SPELL I'LL **RELEASE**,
SHE **WON'T** LOVE THE
MONSTER, AND ALL WILL
BE AT **PEACE**.

MY FAIRY LORD, WE
MUST ACT **VERY** FAST;
THE NIGHT HAS VERY
NEARLY **PASSED**.

THE
MORNING **STAR**
SHINES OVER THERE;
THAT **SIGNALS** TO
SPIRITS **EVERYWHERE**
TO GO **BACK** TO THEIR
GRAVES; WHILE THE DAMNED
THAT **LIE** BY THE ROAD OR
IN THE RIVER THEY
DROWNED,

HAVE
ALREADY **RETURNED**
TO THEIR WORMY **GRAVES**
FOR **FEAR** OF BEING
SEEN, THEY **DON'T**
MISBEHAVE;

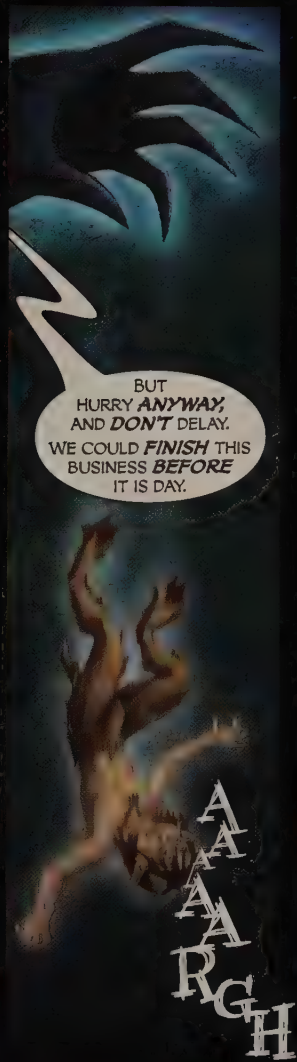
BY **KEEPING**
THEMSELVES FROM
THE LIGHT OF **DAY**,
UNDER COVER OF
NIGHT THEY HIDE
AWAY.

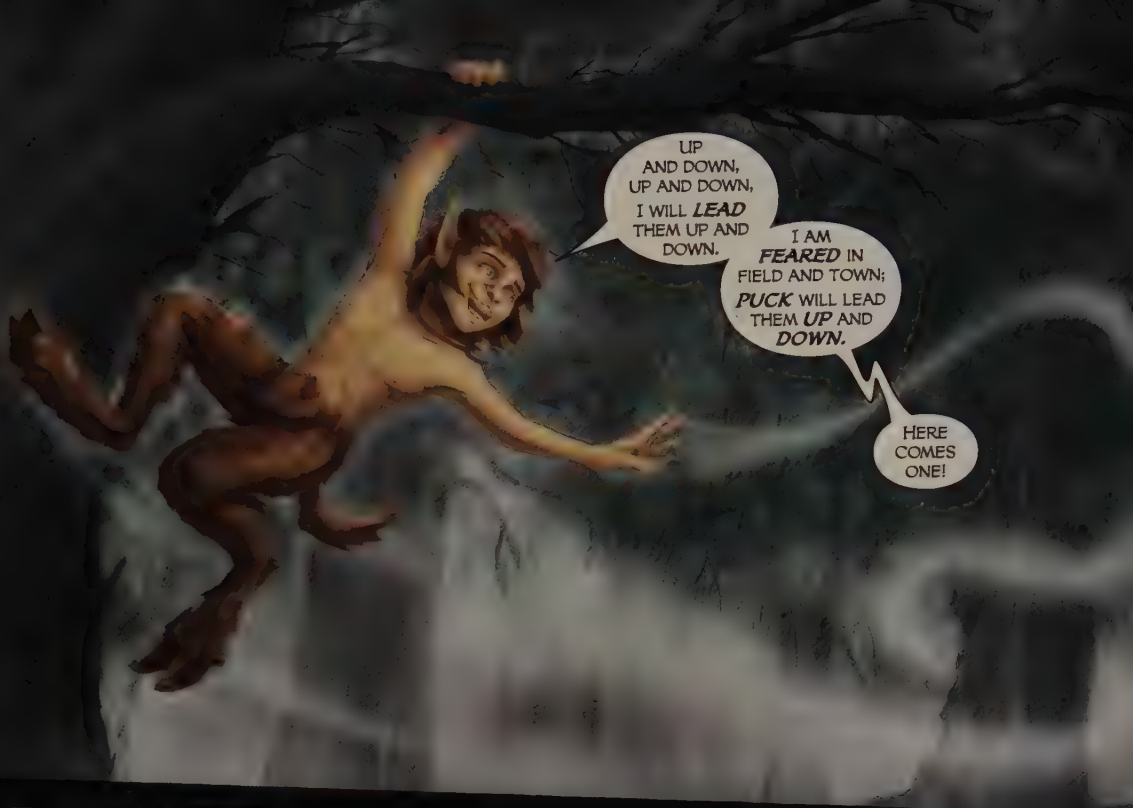
THESE SPIRITS
ARE **DIFFERENT**
FROM YOU AND I,
I'VE OFTEN HAD **FUN**
WHEN **DAWN** HITS
THE SKY.

IN THE
MORNING, I MAY
WALK AMONGST TREES,
EVEN AS THE **FIERY** SUN
RISES IN THE
EAST,

TO SHINE
ON THE **OCEAN**
ITS GOLDEN BEAMS
AND TURNING TO GOLD
THE SALT GREEN
STREAMS.

BUT
HURRY ANYWAY,
AND **DON'T** DELAY.
WE COULD **FINISH** THIS
BUSINESS **BEFORE**
IT IS DAY.





UP
AND DOWN,
UP AND DOWN,
I WILL **LEAD**
THEM UP AND
DOWN.

I AM
FEARED IN
FIELD AND TOWN;
PUCK WILL LEAD
THEM **UP** AND
DOWN.

HERE
COMES
ONE!

WHERE ARE
YOU DEMETRIUS,
YOU **BIG-HEAD?**
SPEAK UP!

I'M **HERE**,
VILLAIN, WITH MY
SWORD **READY**.
WHERE ARE
YOU?

I'LL BE WITH YOU
IMMEDIATELY!

FOLLOW
ME, THEN, TO A
FLATTER PIECE
OF GROUND.

SPEAK AGAIN,
LYSANDER!

YOU
QUITTER, YOU
COWARD! HAVE YOU
RUN AWAY?

SPEAK! ARE
YOU HIDING
IN SOME
BUSH?

YOU'RE
THE COWARD!
ARE YOU BRAGGING TO
THE STARS, TELLING THE
TREES THAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR A FIGHT,
BUT WON'T SHOW
UP?

COME ON,
YOU **WIMP**!
YOU **BIG**
BABY!

I'LL BEAT
YOU WITH A **STICK** -
I'D BE **ASHAMED** TO
FIGHT YOU WITH A
SWORD, THE WAY
I WOULD FIGHT A
REAL MAN!

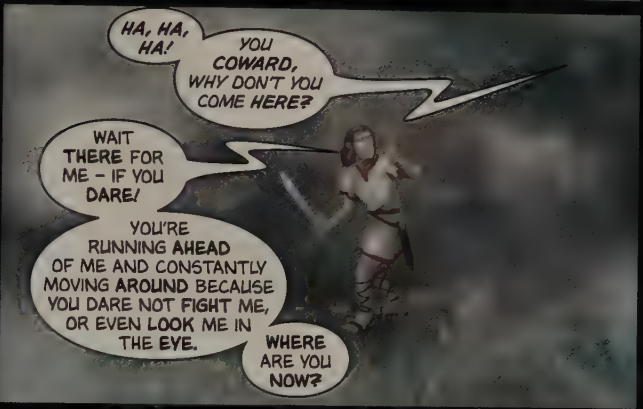
OH YES?
ARE YOU
THERE?

FOLLOW
MY VOICE. WE
CAN'T FIGHT
HERE.



I WISH
MORNING
WOULD COME.

AS SOON
AS I SEE THE
LIGHT OF DAY,
I'LL FIND DEMETRIUS
AND MAKE HIM
PAY!



HA, HA,
HA!

YOU
COWARD,
WHY DON'T YOU
COME HERE?

WAIT
THERE FOR
ME - IF YOU
DARE!

YOU'RE
RUNNING AHEAD
OF ME AND CONSTANTLY
MOVING AROUND BECAUSE
YOU DARE NOT FIGHT ME,
OR EVEN LOOK ME IN
THE EYE.

WHERE
ARE YOU
NOW?



HE RUNS
ON AHEAD OF ME,
AND DARES ME TO
FOLLOW HIM - BUT
WHEN I GET THERE,
HE HAS GONE!

THE VILLAIN
IS FASTER THAN ME -
NO MATTER HOW QUICKLY
I RUN, I CAN'T CATCH HIM.
NOW I'M LOST IN THIS
DARK, DENSE
PLACE.

I'LL HAVE TO
REST HERE.



COME
HERE - I'M
OVER HERE!

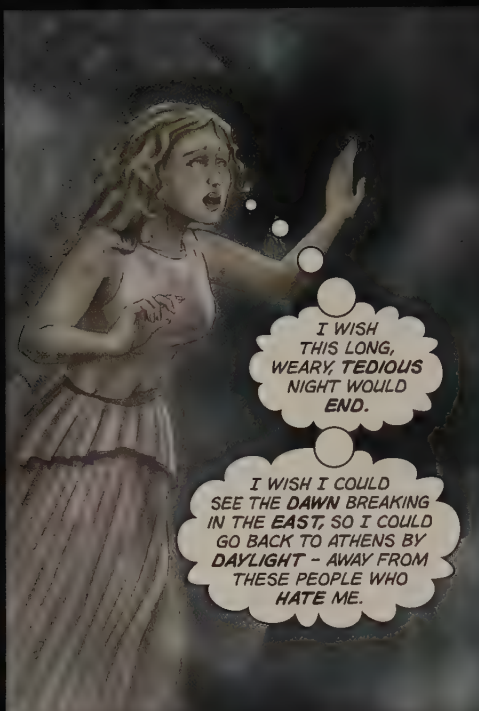
NO,
YOU'RE JUST
GOADING
ME.

YOU'LL
PAY DEARLY FOR
THIS IF EVER I SEE
YOU IN DAYLIGHT!
GO WHEREVER
YOU LIKE --



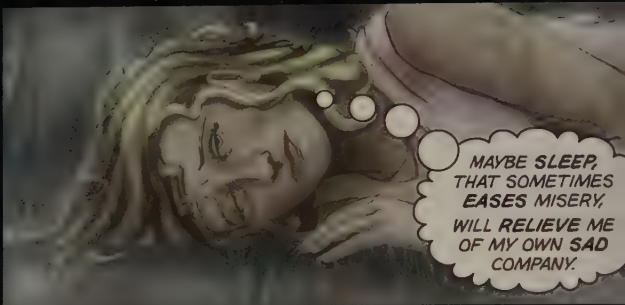
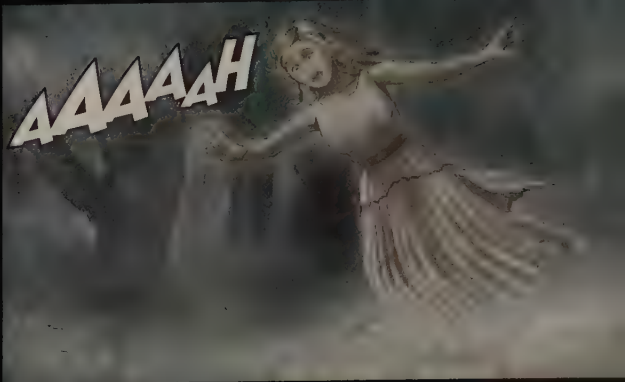
ZZZZZZ

-- I'M
EXHAUSTED AND
HAVE TO LIE DOWN.
I'LL FIND YOU WHEN
MORNING COMES
AROUND.

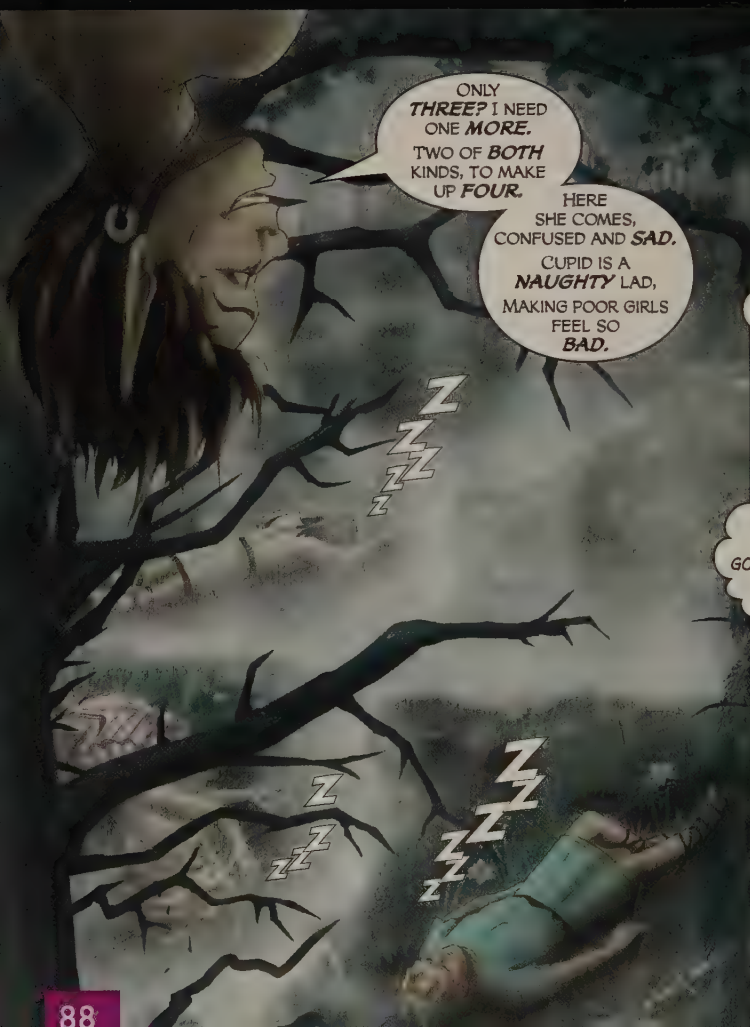


I WISH
THIS LONG,
WEARY, **TEDIOUS**
NIGHT WOULD
END.

I WISH I COULD
SEE THE DAWN BREAKING
IN THE **EAST**, SO I COULD
GO BACK TO ATHENS BY
DAYLIGHT - AWAY FROM
THESE PEOPLE WHO
HATE ME.



MAYBE SLEEP,
THAT SOMETIMES
EASES MISERY,
WILL RELIEVE ME
OF MY OWN SAD
COMPANY.



ONLY
THREE? I NEED
ONE **MORE**.
TWO OF **BOTH**
KINDS, TO MAKE
UP **FOUR**.

HERE
SHE COMES,
CONFUSED AND **SAD**.

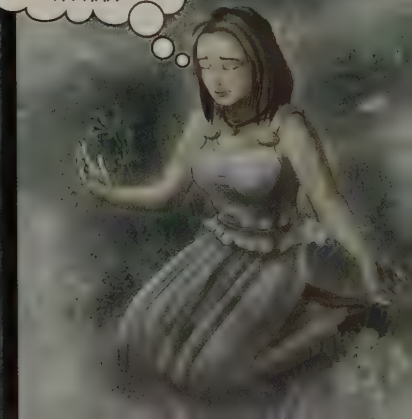
CUPID IS A
NAUGHTY LAD,
MAKING POOR GIRLS
FEEL SO
BAD.



I HAVE NEVER
BEEN SO **TIRED** OR
SO **UPSET**. I'M SOAKED
FROM THE DEW, AND
SCRATCHED FROM
THE THORNS.

I CAN'T CRAWL
ANY FURTHER -
I JUST CAN'T GO ON.
I'D LIKE TO, BUT
MY LEGS WON'T
LET ME.

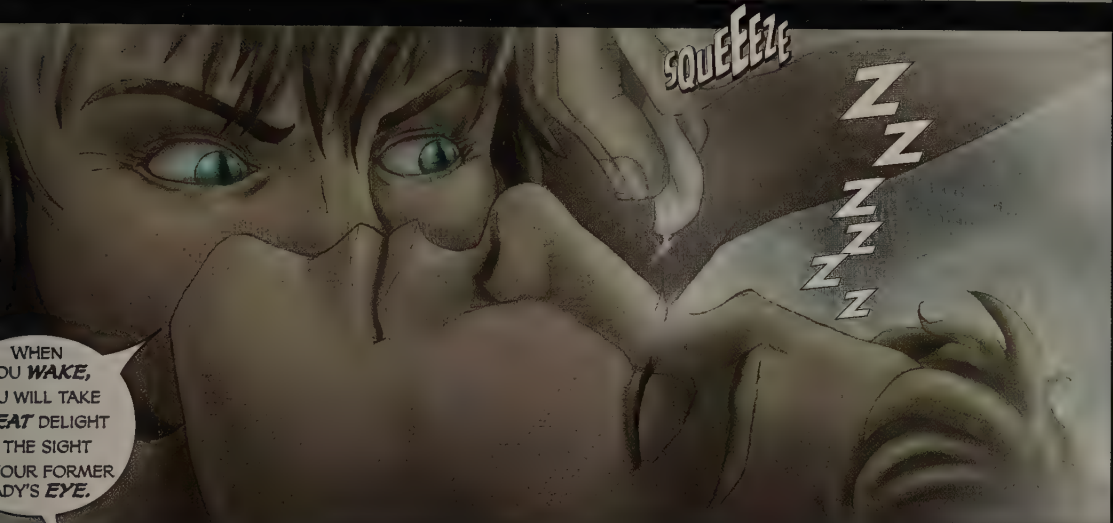
I'LL
REST HERE UNTIL
THE BREAK OF DAY.
GOD PROTECT LYSANDER
IF THEY FIGHT IN
A FRAY!





ON THE
GROUND,
SLEEP QUITE
SOUND.

I'LL APPLY
TO YOUR EYE,
FLOWER-JUICE, AS
A REMEDY.



WHEN
YOU WAKE,
YOU WILL TAKE
GREAT DELIGHT
IN THE SIGHT
OF YOUR FORMER
FOE'S EYE.

A COUNTRY
SAYING THAT'S
WELL KNOWN,
SAYS EVERY MAN
SHOULD TAKE THEIR OWN;
WHEN YOU AWAKE,
THIS WILL BE
SHOWN:

JACK
WILL HAVE JILL,
AND NOTHING SHALL
BE ILL
BUT MAN
SHALL HAVE
MAID AGAIN,
AND ALL SHALL
BE WELL.

Act IV Scene I

THE FOREST,
NEAR ATHENS.

COME AND
SIT DOWN UPON
THIS FLOWERY
BED --

-- WHILE
I **CARESS** YOUR
CHEEKS, MY DEAR,
AND **BRAID** WILD ROSES
ON YOUR SILKY **HEAD**
AND, MY JOY, KISS YOUR
LOVELY LONG
EARS.





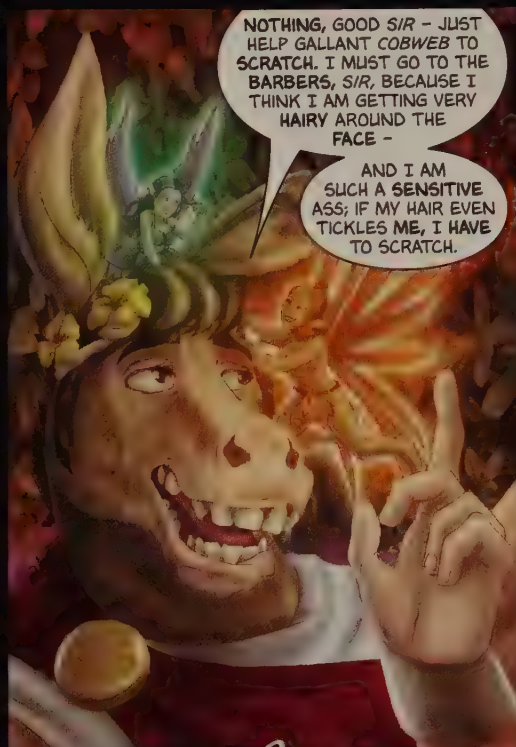
WHERE'S MISTER MUSTARDEED?

HERE.



GIVE ME YOUR HAND, MISTER MUSTARDEED. PLEASE - NO NEED TO BOW, MY GOOD MAN.

WHAT IS YOUR WILL?



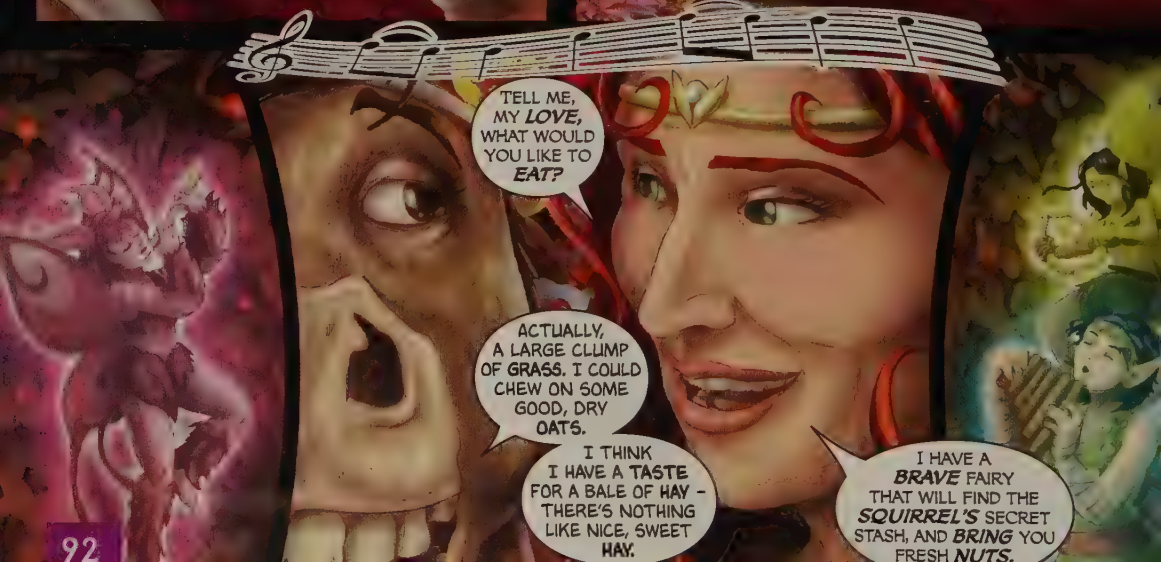
NOTHING, GOOD S/R - JUST HELP GALLANT COBWEB TO SCRATCH. I MUST GO TO THE BARBERS, S/R, BECAUSE I THINK I AM GETTING VERY HAIRY AROUND THE FACE -

AND I AM SUCH A SENSITIVE ASS; IF MY HAIR EVEN TICKLES ME, I HAVE TO SCRATCH.



WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR SOME MUSIC, MY LOVE?

I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD EAR FOR MUSIC. LET'S HAVE A TUNE ON THE TRIANGLE AND SOME BONES.



TELL ME, MY LOVE, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO EAT?

ACTUALLY, A LARGE CLUMP OF GRASS. I COULD CHEW ON SOME GOOD, DRY OATS.

I THINK I HAVE A TASTE FOR A BALE OF HAY - THERE'S NOTHING LIKE NICE, SWEET HAY.

I HAVE A BRAVE FAIRY THAT WILL FIND THE SQUIRREL'S SECRET STASH, AND BRING YOU FRESH NUTS.



WELCOME,
ROBIN GOODFELLOW.
THIS IS A **PLEASANT**
SIGHT, ISN'T IT? I'M
BEGINNING TO FEEL
SORRY FOR
HER.

I MET
HER **EARLIER** AT
THE EDGE OF THE
FOREST - SHE WAS
LOOKING FOR **GIFTS**
FOR THIS HORRIBLE
FOOL. WE ARGUED,
AND **FELL**
OUT.



SHE HAD
PLACED A WREATH
OF FRESH, FRAGRANT
FLOWERS ON HIS
GREAT **HAIRY**
HEAD;

AND THE
DEW, INSTEAD OF
LOOKING LIKE ROUND
AND ORIENTAL **PEARLS** ON
THE FLOWER PETALS, LOOKED
LIKE **TEARS** - AS IF THEY
WERE **CRYING** OUT OF
SHAME FOR THEIR OWN
DISGRACE.

AFTER
I HAD **JEERED** AT
HER FOR A WHILE, AND
SHE HAD **BEGGED**
ME TO LEAVE HER
ALONE, --

-- I ASKED
HER FOR THE
CHANGELING
CHILD, --

-- AND SHE
GAVE HIM TO
ME STRAIGHT AWAY,
INSTRUCTING ONE OF HER
FAIRIES TO **TAKE** HIM
TO **FAIRYLAND**
FOR ME.



AND, NOW
THAT I **HAVE** THE **BOY**,
I WILL **REMOVE** THE
WICKED **CHARM** FROM
HER EYES.

YOU, PUCK,
WILL **REMOVE** THE
DONKEY-HEAD FROM HER ATHENIAN
BOYFRIEND. HE WILL WAKE UP WHEN
THE **OTHERS** DO, AND THEY WILL GO
BACK TO ATHENS, BELIEVING
EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED
TO THEM TONIGHT WAS ALL
A **DREAM**.

BUT
FIRST, I WILL
REMOVE THE SPELL
FROM THE **FAIRY**
QUEEN.



BE, AS
YOU HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN;
SEE, AS YOU
HAVE **ALWAYS**
SEEN.

THE
GODDESS
DIANA'S POWER
CAN **OVERCOME**
CUPID'S FLOWER.

WAKE UP
NOW, TITANIA,
MY **DEAR**
QUEEN.



MY **OVERON**! I HAVE
HAD SUCH **STRANGE**
DREAMS! I THOUGHT
I WAS IN **LOVE** WITH
A **DONKEY**!

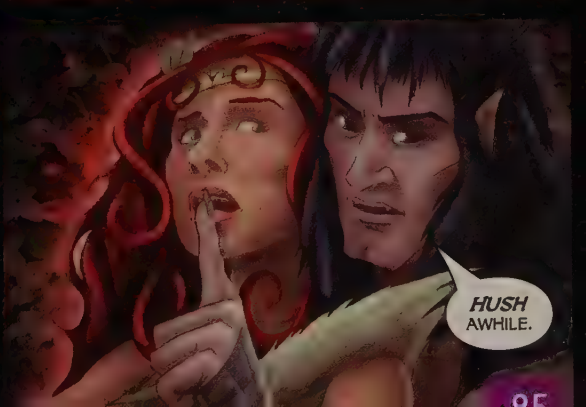


GASP!

THERE
LIES YOUR
LOVE.



HOW DID THIS
HAPPEN?
OH,
I **HATE** THE
SIGHT OF
HIM NOW!



HUSH
AWHILE.



ROBIN,
GET **RID** OF
HIS **HEAD**.

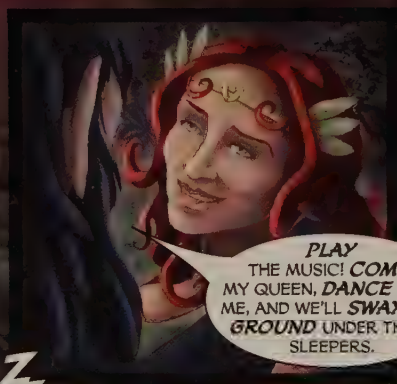


TITANIA,
GET YOUR FAIRIES
TO PLAY SOME **MUSIC**
THAT WILL MAKE THESE
HUMANS FALL INTO
A **DEEPER**
SLEEP.

MUSIC!
MUSIC, TO INDUCE
SLEEP!



WHEN YOU
WAKE, YOU WILL
SEE WITH YOUR **OWN**
FOOLISH EYES
AGAIN.

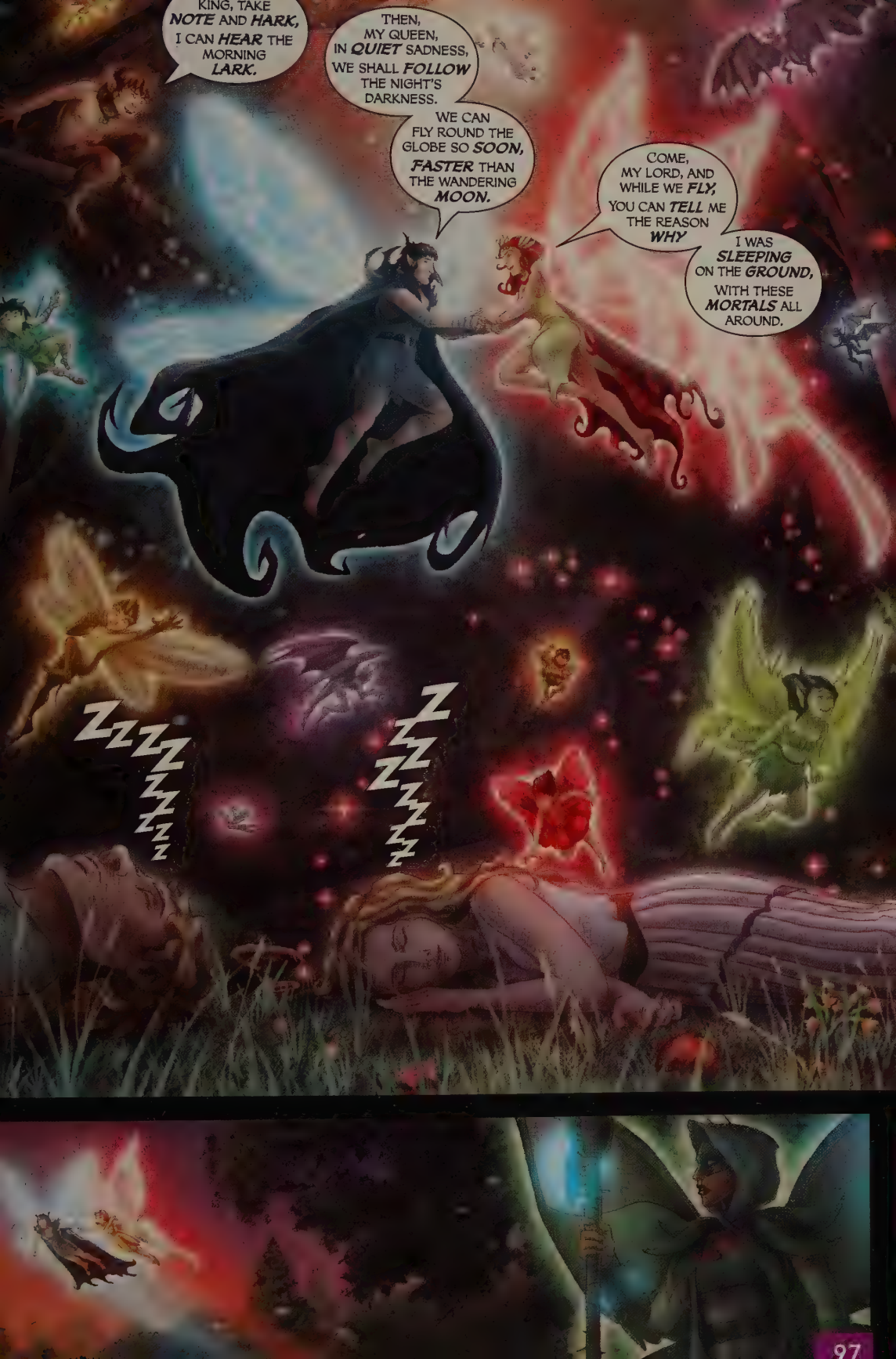


PLAY
THE MUSIC! **COME**,
MY QUEEN, **DANCE** WITH
ME, AND WE'LL **SWAY** THE
GROUND UNDER THESE
SLEEPERS.



NOW THAT
WE ARE **FRIENDS**
AGAIN, WE WILL **DANCE**
IN DUKE THESEUS'S PALACE
TOMORROW AT **MIDNIGHT**,
AND **BLESS** IT WITH HEALTH
AND WEALTH FOR THE
FUTURE.

THESE
TWO COUPLES
SHALL **ALSO** BE MARRIED
THERE, ALONGSIDE
THESEUS, WITH **GREAT**
CELEBRATION.



KING, TAKE
NOTE AND **HARK**,
I CAN **HEAR** THE
MORNING
LARK.

THEN,
MY QUEEN,
IN **QUIET** SADNESS,
WE SHALL **FOLLOW**
THE NIGHT'S
DARKNESS.

WE CAN
FLY ROUND THE
GLOBE SO **SOON**,
FASTER THAN
THE WANDERING
MOON.

COME,
MY LORD, AND
WHILE WE **FLY**,
YOU CAN **TELL** ME
THE REASON
WHY

I WAS
SLEEPING
ON THE **GROUND**,
WITH THESE
MORTALS ALL
AROUND.

ZZZZZZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZZZZZ

TA-TAN-TA RA!

ONE OF YOU
GO AND FIND THE
GAMEKEEPER.

SINCE WE
HAVE COMPLETED
THE MAY DAY RITUALS
AND IT IS STILL EARLY,
I WANT HIPPOLYTA TO
HEAR THE BAYING
OF MY HUNTING
HOUNDS.

rowf
rowf

rart rowf hrf hrf

UNLEASH
THE HOUNDS IN
THE WESTERN
VALLEY. LET
THEM GO.

arrf
rowf

I SAID,
GET GOING -
FIND THE
GAMEKEEPER!

WE WILL GO UP TO THE TOP OF
THE MOUNTAIN, MY QUEEN. YOU CAN
LISTEN TO THE BAYING OF THE
HOUNDS ECHOING IN HARMONY
FROM THERE.

CRETE, WITH HERCULES
AND CADMUS, WHEN
THEIR SPARTAN HOUNDS
CORNERED A
BEAR.

NEVER BEFORE
HAD I HEARD SUCH IMPRESSIVE
HOWLING - NOT JUST THE WOODS,
BUT THE SKIES, THE WATERFALLS,
AND EVERYWHERE AROUND SEEMED TO
ECHO THE BAYING OF THE HOUNDS.
IT WAS SUCH TUNELESS MUSIC
- SUCH A LOVELY
NOISE.

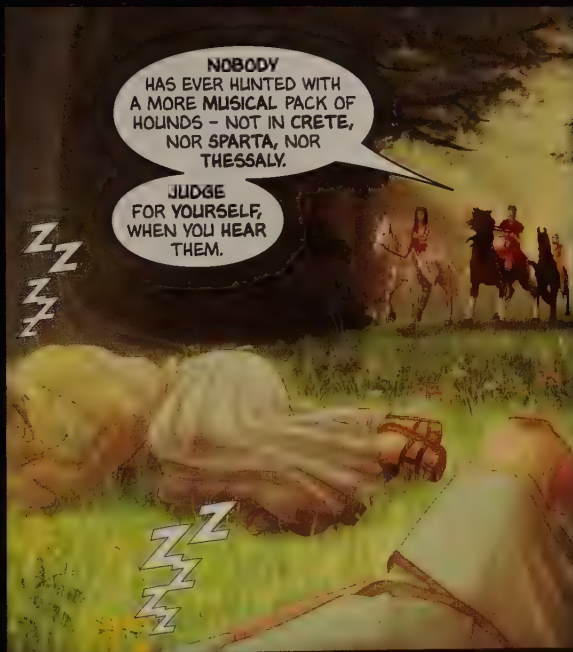


THE SAME SPARTAN BREED - THEY
HAVE THE SAME MOUTHS AND THE SAME
COLOUR, AND THEIR EARS ARE LONG ENOUGH
TO TOUCH THE GROUND. THEY ARE BENT AT
THE KNEES AND HAVE FOLDS OF SKIN ON
THEIR NECKS, LIKE THE BULLS OF NORTHERN
GREECE. THEY ARE SLOW IN THE
CHASE, BUT THEIR BAYING IS AS
HARMONIOUS AS RINGING
BELLS.



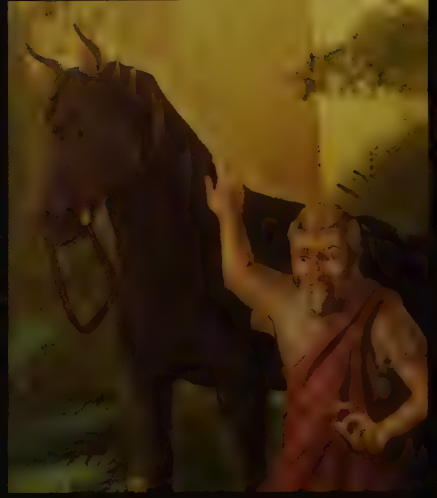
NBODY
HAS EVER HUNTED WITH
A MORE MUSICAL PACK OF
HOUNDS - NOT IN CRETE,
NOR SPARTA, NOR
THESSALY.

JUDGE
FOR YOURSELF,
WHEN YOU HEAR
THEM.

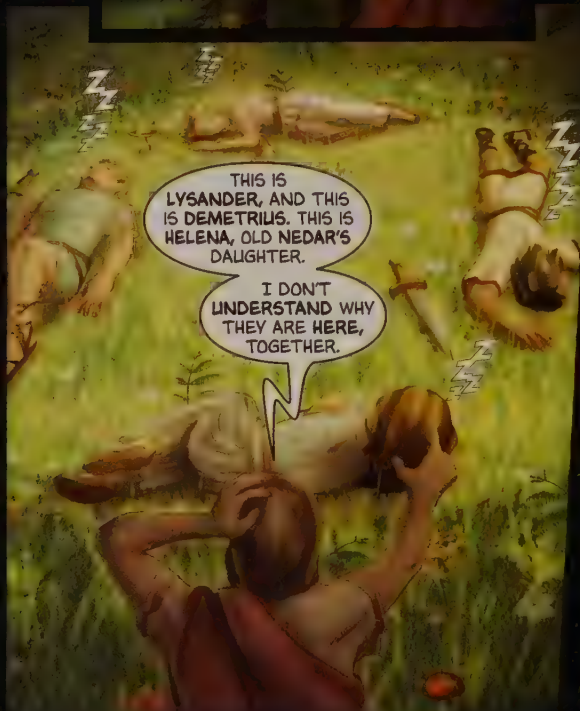


BUT
WAIT! WHO
ARE THESE
YOUTHS?





MY LORD,
THIS IS MY
DAUGHTER -
ASLEEP.



THIS IS
LYSANDER, AND THIS
IS DEMETRIUS. THIS IS
HELENA, OLD NEDAR'S
DAUGHTER.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
THEY ARE HERE,
TOGETHER.



THEY PROBABLY GOT UP EARLY TO
CELEBRATE MAY DAY AND, HEARING THAT
WE WERE GOING TO DO THE SAME, CAME
HERE TO PERFORM THE RITUALS WITH US.
BUT TELL ME, EGEUS, ISN'T THIS THE
DAY WHEN HERMIA HAS TO MAKE
HER DECISION?

IT IS, MY
LORD.



TELL THE
HUNTSMEN
TO WAKE THEM
WITH THEIR
HORNS.



TA-TAN TA RA!

rarr

rowf
arrf





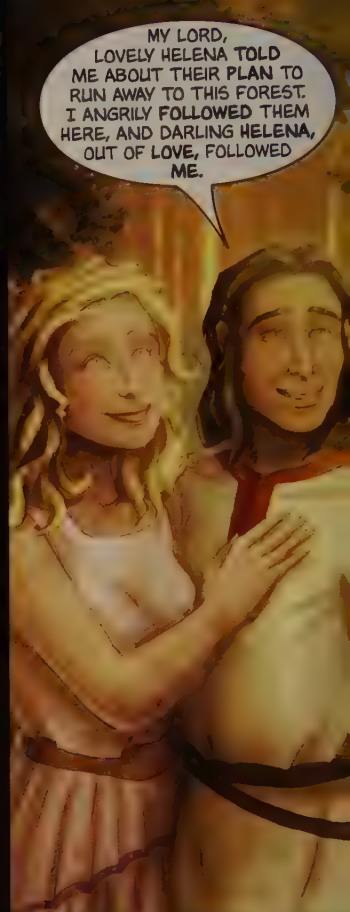
ENOUGH!
ENOUGH/ MY LORD,
YOU HAVE HEARD
ENOUGH/

I INSIST
THAT HE IS
PUNISHED BY THE
LAW. THEY WOULD
HAVE RUN
AWAY.

THEY WOULD,
DEMETRILIS/ TO
GET THE BETTER
OF US BOTH;



CHEATING
YOU OF YOUR
WIFE, AND ME OF MY
RIGHT TO SAY WHOM
SHE SHOULD
MARRY!



MY LORD,
LOVELY HELENA TOLD
ME ABOUT THEIR PLAN TO
RUN AWAY TO THIS FOREST.
I ANGRILY FOLLOWED THEM
HERE, AND DARLING HELENA,
OUT OF LOVE, FOLLOWED
ME.



BUT, MY
LORD, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT MADE
IT HAPPEN,

- BUT
IT DID -

MY LOVE
FOR HERMIA FADED
AWAY, AND IT NOW SEEMS
TO ME LIKE THE MEMORY
OF A CHILDHOOD
INFATUATION.

NOW
EVERYTHING
I BELIEVE IN, ALL
MY LOVE, THE ONLY
THING I WANT TO
LOOK AT - IS
HELENA.





MY LORD,
I WAS ENGAGED
TO HER BEFORE
I EVER SAW HERMIA.
ALMOST LIKE A SICK
MAN, I WENT OFF
MY FAVOURITE
FOOD;

BUT I AM
BETTER NOW,
AND MY APPETITE
FOR HER HAS RETURNED.
NOW SHE IS ALL I WANT,
ALL I LOVE, ALL I THINK
ABOUT - AND I WILL BE
FAITHFUL TO HER
FOR EVER.



I AM GLAD
I MET YOU *FAIR*
LOVERS LIKE THIS.
I WANT TO HEAR
MORE OF YOUR
STORY LATER.



EGEUS, I AM GOING TO OVERRULE
YOUR WISHES. THESE TWO COUPLES
SHALL BE MARRIED LATER IN
THE TEMPLE, ALONGSIDE
HIPPOLYTA AND I.



AND NOW,
SINCE THE MORNING
IS ALMOST OVER, WE
SHALL POSTPONE
OUR HUNT.

WE SHALL
RETURN TO ATHENS.
THERE WILL BE THREE
WEDDINGS AND A
GREAT FEAST!

COME ALONG,
HIPPOLYTA!



WHATEVER
HAPPENED SEEMS
DISTANT AND HAZY -
LIKE FAR-OFF
MOUNTAINS, COVERED
BY CLOUD.

IT SEEMS
AS IF MY EYES ARE
OUT OF FOCUS - AND I
AM SEEING DOUBLE OF
EVERYTHING.

ME TOO;
YET I HAVE FOUND
THE REAL DEMETRIUS -
LIKE A JEWEL, HE IS MINE,
BUT NOT REALLY
MINE.

ARE YOU
SURE THAT WE ARE
AWAKE? IT SEEMS TO ME
WE MIGHT STILL BE ASLEEP
AND DREAMING. WAS THE
DUKE REALLY HERE?
DID HE REALLY TELL US
TO FOLLOW HIM?



YES,
AND MY FATHER.

AND
HIPPOLYTA.

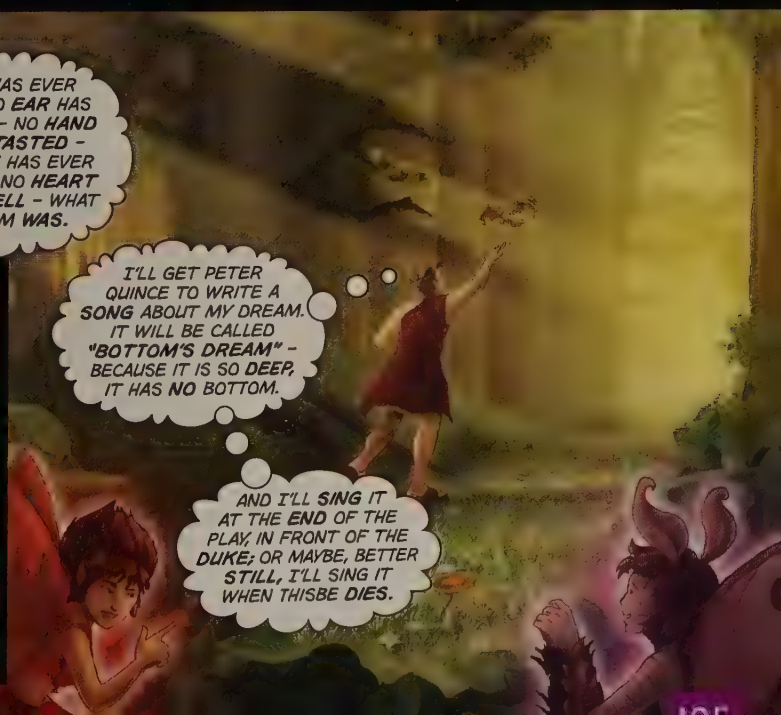
AND
HE TOLD US TO
FOLLOW HIM TO
THE TEMPLE.



WELL, THEN -
WE MUST BE AWAKE!
LET'S FOLLOW HIM,
AND WE CAN RECOUNT
OUR DREAMS ON
THE WAY.



zzzzzz



Act IV Scene II

ATHENS - A ROOM
IN QUINCE'S HOUSE.

HAVE YOU
SENT ANYONE TO
BOTTOM'S HOUSE?
HAS HE COME
HOME YET?

NO ONE HAS
HEARD FROM HIM -
MAYBE HE'S BEEN
KIDNAPPED!

IF HE
DOESN'T SHOW UP,
THE PLAY IS RUINED.
IT CAN'T GO ON,
CAN IT?



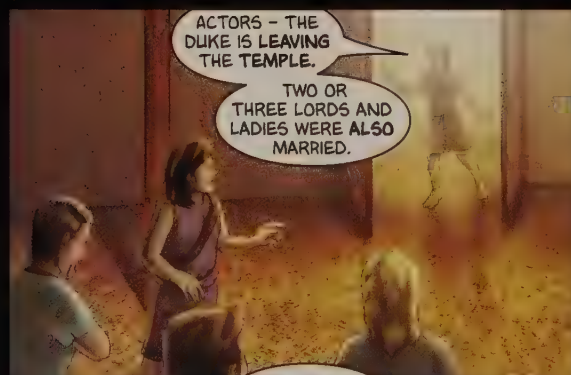
WE COULDN'T DO IT.
NO OTHER MAN IN
ATHENS CAN PLAY
PYRAMUS LIKE
HE CAN.

HE IS
SIMPLY THE
MOST TALENTED
WORKING MAN IN
ATHENS!



YES, AND THE BEST
PERSON, TOO - AND HIS
VOICE IS THE PARAMOUR
OF SWEETNESS.

YOU MEAN
"PARAGON" -
GOD BLESS US,
A PARAMOUR IS
A SHAMEFUL
THING.

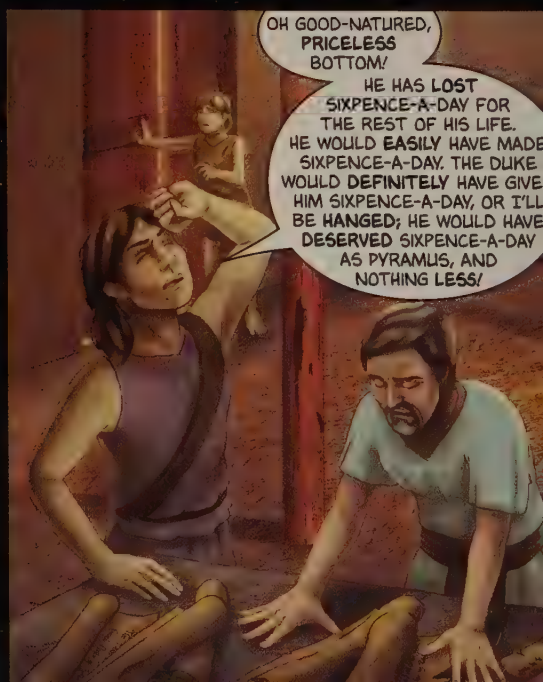


ACTORS - THE
DUKE IS LEAVING
THE TEMPLE.

TWO OR
THREE LORDS AND
LADIES WERE ALSO
MARRIED.

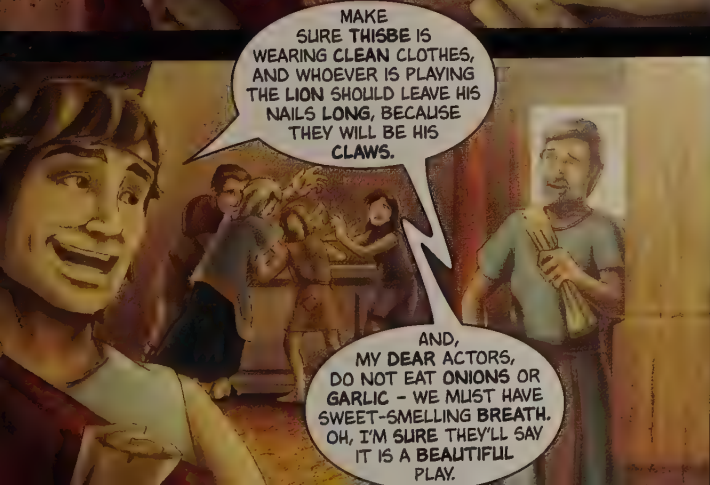
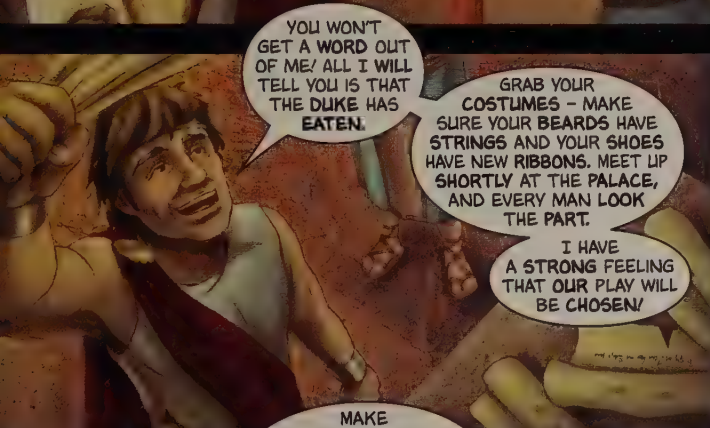


WE WOULD
HAVE HAD IT MADE,
IF WE COULD HAVE
PUT ON OUR
PLAY.



OH GOOD-NATURED,
PRICELESS
BOTTOM!

HE HAS LOST
SIXPENCE-A-DAY FOR
THE REST OF HIS LIFE.
HE WOULD EASILY HAVE MADE
SIXPENCE-A-DAY. THE DUKE
WOULD DEFINITELY HAVE GIVEN
HIM SIXPENCE-A-DAY, OR I'LL
BE HANGED; HE WOULD HAVE
DESERVED SIXPENCE-A-DAY
AS PYRAMUS, AND
NOTHING LESS!



Act V Scene I

ATHENS - OUTSIDE THE
PALACE OF THESEUS.

THESE
COUPLES ARE SAYING
STRANGE THINGS,
THESEUS.

MORE STRANGE
THAN TRUE! I NEVER
BELIEVE ANY OF THESE
LEGENDS OR FAIRY
TALES.

LOVERS
AND LUNATICS
HAVE VIVID IMAGINATION.
THEY CREATE FANTASY
AND SEE THINGS THAT
SANE PEOPLE COULD
EVEN IMAGINE.

LUNATICS, LOVERS
AND POETS ARE ALL
GIVEN TO WILD
DREAMS.

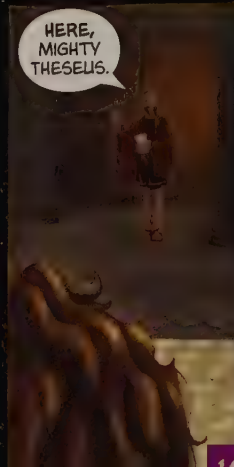
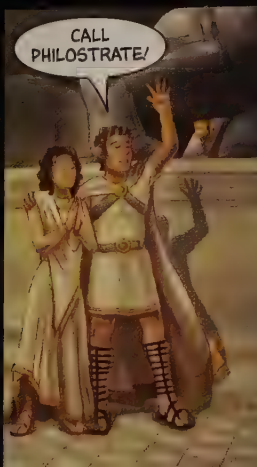
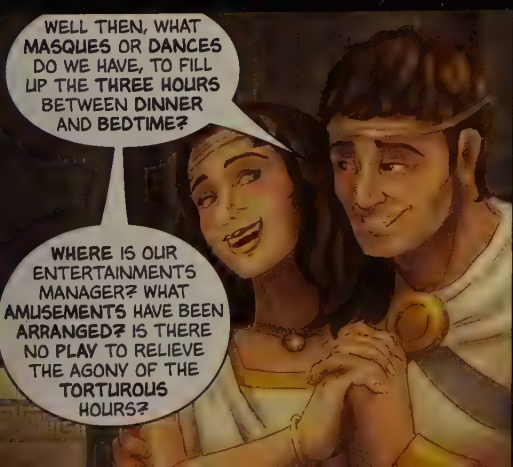
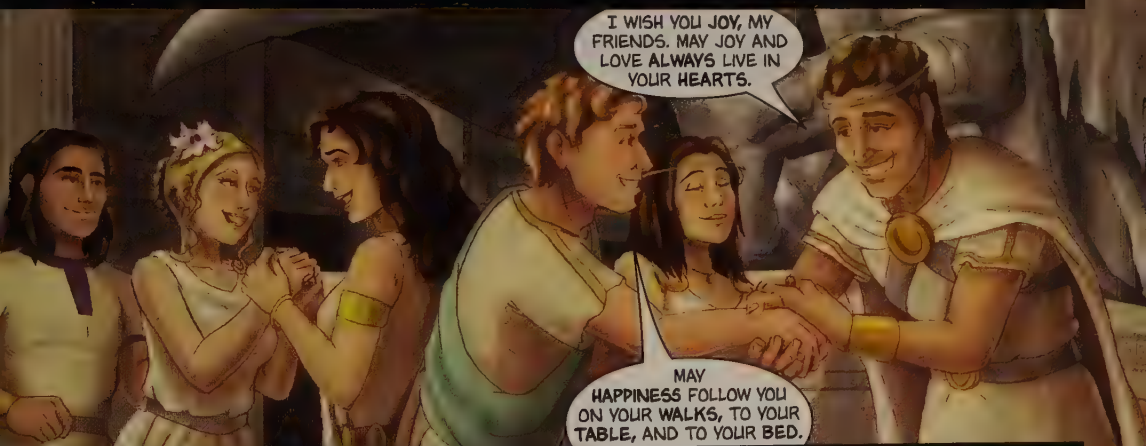
LUNATICS
SEE MORE DEVILS
THAN HELL CAN HOLD;
LOVERS GET ALL GIDDY
AND BELIEVE EVERY
WOMAN THEY SEE IS
BEAUTIFUL;

POETS
GET HYSTERICAL
AND THINK THEY CAN
SEE HEAVEN FROM
EARTH, AND EARTH
FROM HEAVEN.

THE
IMAGINATION CAN
CONJURE UP STRANGE FORMS
AND THE POET CAN GIVE THEM
SHAPE IN HIS WRITING, GIVING
LIFE AND A NAME TO
THINGS THAT DON'T
EXIST.

THEIR STRONG IMAGINATION
PLAYS TRICKS ON THEM. IF THEY
EXPERIENCE SOME KIND OF JOY,
THEY BELIEVE THAT SOME
SUPERNATURAL FORCE
HAS CAUSED IT -

OR, IF
THEY ARE AFRAID IN
THE DARK, THEY WILL
BELIEVE A BUSH TO BE
A WILD BEAR!





TELL US WHAT ENTERTAINMENT YOU HAVE PREPARED FOR THIS EVENING.

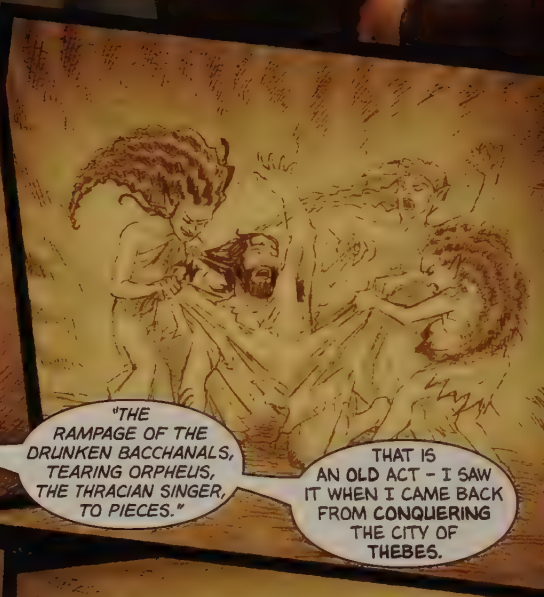
WHAT MASQUE? WHAT MUSIC? HOW SHALL WE AMUSE OURSELVES WITHOUT SOME DIVERSION?

HERE IS A LIST OF THE ACTS THAT ARE READY. YOUR HIGHNESS SHOULD CHOOSE WHICH ONE TO SEE FIRST.



"THE BATTLE WITH THE CENTAURS, SUNG BY AN ATHENIAN EUNUCH, ACCOMPANIED BY A HARP."

WE WON'T HAVE THAT. I HAVE ALREADY TOLD THAT STORY TO HIPPOLYTA, IN HONOUR OF MY COUSIN HERCULES.



"THE RAMPAGE OF THE DRUNKEN BACCHANALS, TEARING ORPHEUS, THE THRACIAN SINGER, TO PIECES."

THAT IS AN OLD ACT - I SAW IT WHEN I CAME BACK FROM CONQUERING THE CITY OF THEBES.



"THE NINE GODDESSES OF THE ARTS, MOURNING THE DEATH OF LEARNING, KILLED BY IGNORANCE."

THAT IS A DEEP SATIRE, SHARP AND CONTROVERSIAL - NOT SUITABLE FOR A WEDDING CELEBRATION.



"A BORINGLY BRIEF DRAMA ABOUT YOUNG PYRAMUS AND HIS LOVE, THISBE - A VERY TRAGIC COMEDY."

FUNNY AND TRAGIC? BORING AND BRIEF? THAT'S LIKE HOT ICE, OR WARM SNOW.

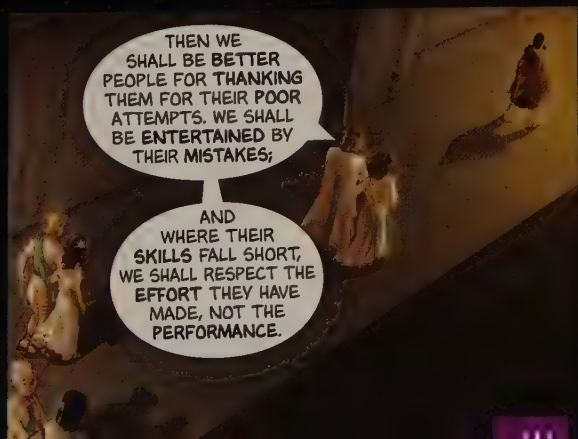
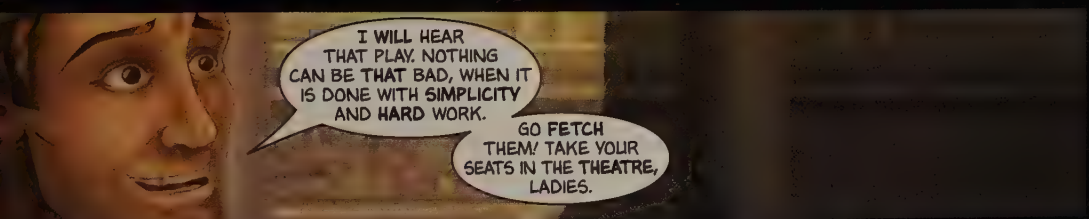
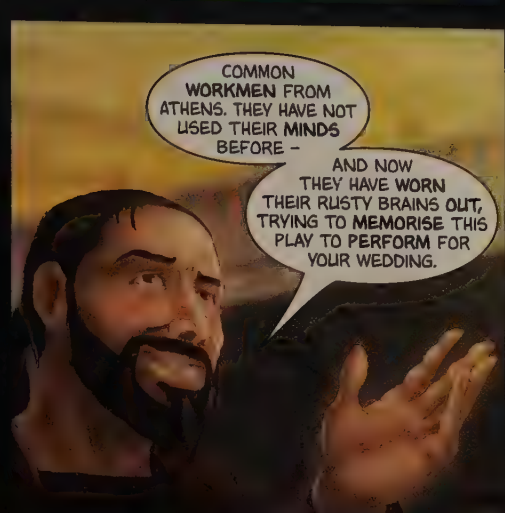


WHAT IS MEANT BY THIS CONTRADICTION?



IT IS A PLAY, MY LORD, WHICH IS ABOUT TEN WORDS LONG AS BRIEF AS A PLAY I HAVE KNOWN.

BUT EVEN TEN WORDS, MY LORD, IS TOO LONG WHICH MAKES IT TEDIOUS, FOR, IN ALL THE PLAY THERE IS NOT A SINGLE GOOD WORD, NOR A GOOD ACTOR.



ATHENS - INSIDE
THE THEATRE.

IN MY TRAVELS,
SOME IMPORTANT
OFFICIALS HAVE TRIED
TO WELCOME ME WITH
WELL-REHEARSED
SPEECHES,

AND I HAVE
NOTICED THEM SHAKE
NERVOUSLY, GO PALE,
GET THEIR WORDS WRONG AND
CHOKES WITH FEAR - AND
THEN BREAK OFF ABRUPTLY,
WITHOUT WELCOMING
ME PROPERLY
AT ALL.

TRUST ME,
MY DEAR, FROM
OUT OF THAT SILENCE
I STILL UNDERSTOOD
THEY WERE MAKING
ME WELCOME.

I GOT AS
MUCH FROM THEIR
NERVOUSNESS AS I WOULD
FROM SOMEONE GOING ON
AND ON, DELIVERING AN
ELOQUENT, FLIPPANT
SPEECH.

MY VIEW IS
THAT SINCERITY
AND SIMPLICITY SPEAK
MORE, EVEN IF THERE
ARE FEWER WORDS
SPOKEN.

YOUR GRACE,
THE PROLOGUE
IS READY TO
BE SAID.

LET THE
ACTOR COME
FORWARD.



IF WE
OFFEND, IT IS
WITH OUR INTENTION
-- NOT THAT WE COME
HERE TO OFFEND,
EXCEPT WITH OUR
EFFORTS.

TO GAIN
YOUR ATTENTION
THAT IS THE TRUE
BEGINNING OF
OUR END.

CONSIDER
THEN -- WE ARE
HERE -- OUT OF SPITE.
WE ARE NOT HERE --
SIMPLY TO AMUSE YOU --
THAT IS OUR INTENTION.
FOR YOUR DELIGHT --
WE ARE NOT
HERE.

TO UPSET
AND DEPRESS YOU,
THE ACTORS ARE READY
AND, IN OUR SHOW, YOU
WILL SEE EVERYTHING
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.

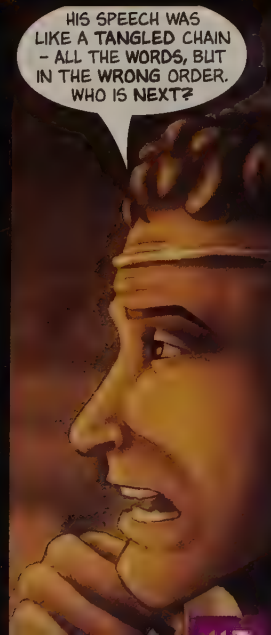


THIS FELLOW'S
PUNCTUATION
WAS ALL OVER
THE PLACE!

HE READ
HIS PROLOGUE LIKE
RIDING A WILD HORSE:
HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO
STOP. YOU SEE, MY LORD,
IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO
SPEAK: ONE MUST
SPEAK PROPERLY.

YES INDEED,
HE PERFORMED HIS
PROLOGUE LIKE A CHILD
PLAYING A RECORDER -
A SOUND, BUT NO
SENSE.

HIS SPEECH WAS
LIKE A TANGLED CHAIN
- ALL THE WORDS, BUT
IN THE WRONG ORDER.
WHO IS NEXT?



LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN,
WHAT IS OUR SHOW?
THE TRUTH WILL
EXPLAIN AND MAKE
IT CLEAR.

THIS MAN IS
PYRAMUS, THAT
YOU SHOULD
KNOW;

AND THIS
LOVELY LADY
IS THISBE, HIS
DEAR.

THIS MAN, WITH LIME AND GRAVEL,
REPRESENTS THE VILE WALL THAT
KEEPS THESE TWO LOVERS APART;
AND THROUGH A SMALL HOLE, THEY
MUST BE CONTENT, TO WHISPER
(THAT SHOULDN'T MAKE
ANYONE START).

THIS MAN,
WITH LANTERN,
DOG AND THORNY
BUSH, REPRESENTS
MOONSHINE AS
YOU OUGHT TO
KNOW,

THE MOON
SHINES DOWN WHEN
THESE LOVERS RUSH
TOWARDS NINUS'S TOMB,
WHERE THEY ARE
FORCED TO GO.

THIS
FEARSOME
ANIMAL, WHO IS KNOWN
AS A LION, FRIGHTENS
THISBE FROM THE TOMB
OF NINUS, WHERE SHE
ARRIVES BEFORE
HER PYRAMUS.

GRRR!

AND, AS SHE RUNS, SHE
DROPS HER CLOAK AND
HOOD, WHICH THE LION
STAINS WITH HIS
BLOODY MOUTH.

SOON
PYRAMUS ARRIVES,
THAT TALL YOUTH, AND
FINDS THISBE'S CLOAK
ALL COVERED IN
BLOOD.



THEN
PYRAMUS TAKES
OUT HIS TRAGIC BLADE
AND BRAVELY PIERCES
HIS BEATING
BREAST;

AND THISBE,
HIDING IN A LEAFY
GLADE, KILLS HERSELF
WITH HIS DAGGER. AS
FOR THE REST,

LET LION,
MOONSHINE, WALL
AND EACH FIANCE, TELL
YOU DURING THE COURSE
OF OUR PLAY.



I WONDER
IF THE LION
WILL SPEAK.

I WOULD
IMAGINE HE WILL,
MY LORD, SEEING AS
THE REST OF THESE
DONKEYS CAN.



MY NAME
IS SNOOT AND,
I SAY TO YOU ALL,
THAT IN THIS PLAY,
I REPRESENT
A WALL.

NOW, IN
THIS WALL YOU
CAN SEE A CHINK,
A HOLE, OR
CAVITY,

THROUGH
WHICH THE LOVERS,
PYRAMUS AND THISBE,
WHISPER TO EACH OTHER
SECRETLY.



THIS
PLASTER, GRAVEL
AND STONE DISPLAY
THAT I AM THE WALL -
IT'S THE TRUTH,
I SAY.

THIS IS
THE HOLE, THE
CAVITY, THROUGH
WHICH THEY SPEAK
SO LOVINGLY.



WOULD YOU
WANT LIME AND
HAIR TO SPEAK
BETTER?

IT IS THE
MOST INTELLIGENT
WALL I HAVE EVER
HEARD SPEAK,
MY LORD.

QUIET -
PYRAMUS
IS COMING
CLOSE TO
THE WALL.



GRIM-LOOKING
NIGHT - NIGHT OF
DARKEST SHADOW!
NIGHT THAT IS ALWAYS
THERE WHEN DAY
IS NOT!

OH NIGHT!
OH NIGHT! OH NO!
OH NO! OH NO!
I AM AFRAID
THISBE MAY HAVE
FORGOT!



AND YOU,
YOU WALL - YOU
SWEET, LOVELY WALL,
YOU STAND IN THE
WAY BETWEEN
US TWO.

YOU WALL,
OH WALL - YOU
SWEET, LOVELY WALL,
SHOW ME YOUR CHINK,
AND LET MY EYE PEEP
THROUGH.

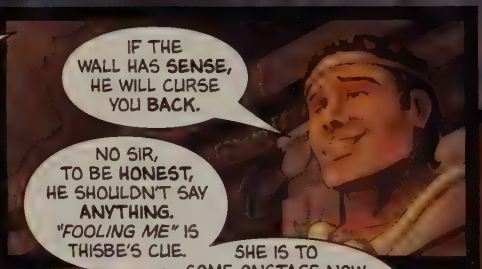


THANK
YOU, WALL - GOD
BLESS YOU FOR
THIS!

BUT, WHAT
IS WRONG?
I CAN'T SEE MY
THISBE.



YOU
WICKED WALL!
WHERE IS MY
BLISS? A CURSE
ON YOUR STONES
FOR FOOLING
ME!



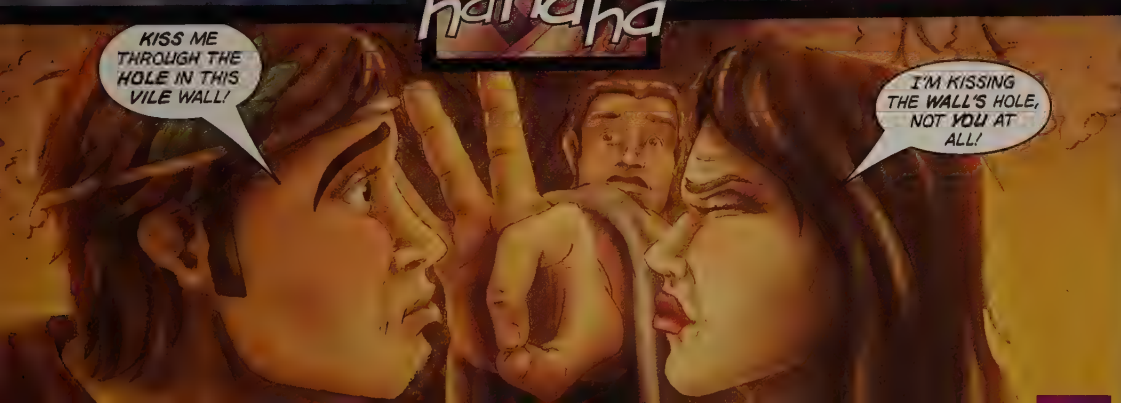
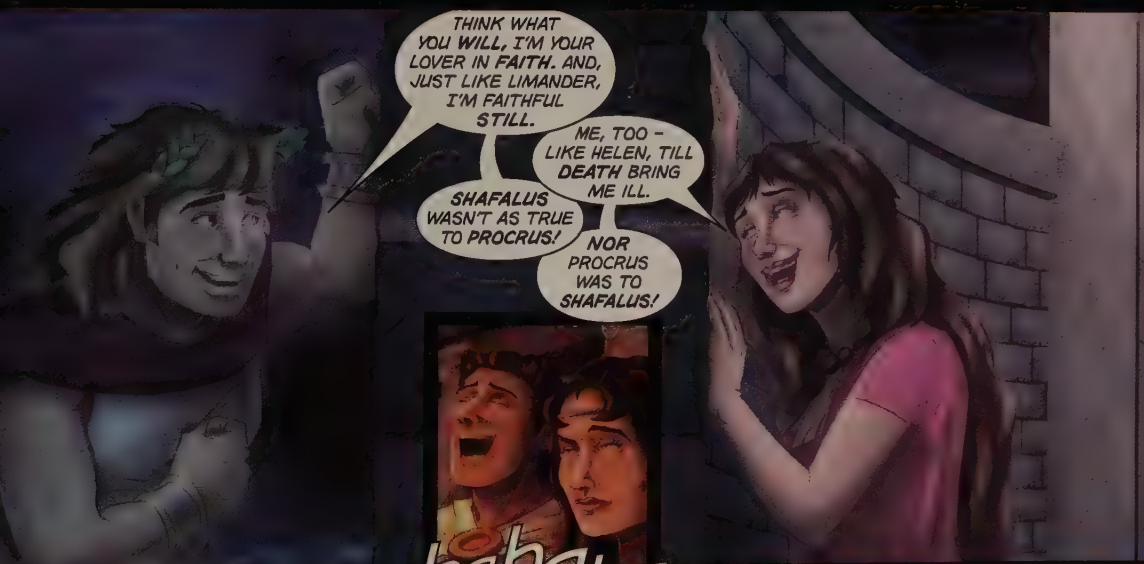
IF THE
WALL HAS SENSE,
HE WILL CURSE
YOU BACK.

NO SIR,
TO BE HONEST,
HE SHOULDN'T SAY
ANYTHING.
"FOOLING ME" IS
THISBE'S CLUE.

SHE IS TO
COME ONSTAGE NOW,
AND I AM TO SEE HER
THROUGH THE WALL. YOU'LL
SEE, IT WILL HAPPEN
LIKE THAT.



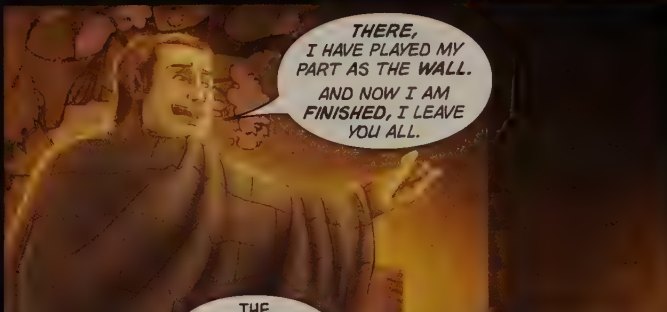
HERE SHE
COMES.





MEET ME AT
NINNY'S TOMB
RIGHT AWAY!

IF I LIVE
OR DIE, I'LL BE
THERE WITHOUT
DELAY!



THERE,
I HAVE PLAYED MY
PART AS THE WALL.
AND NOW I AM
FINISHED, I LEAVE
YOU ALL.



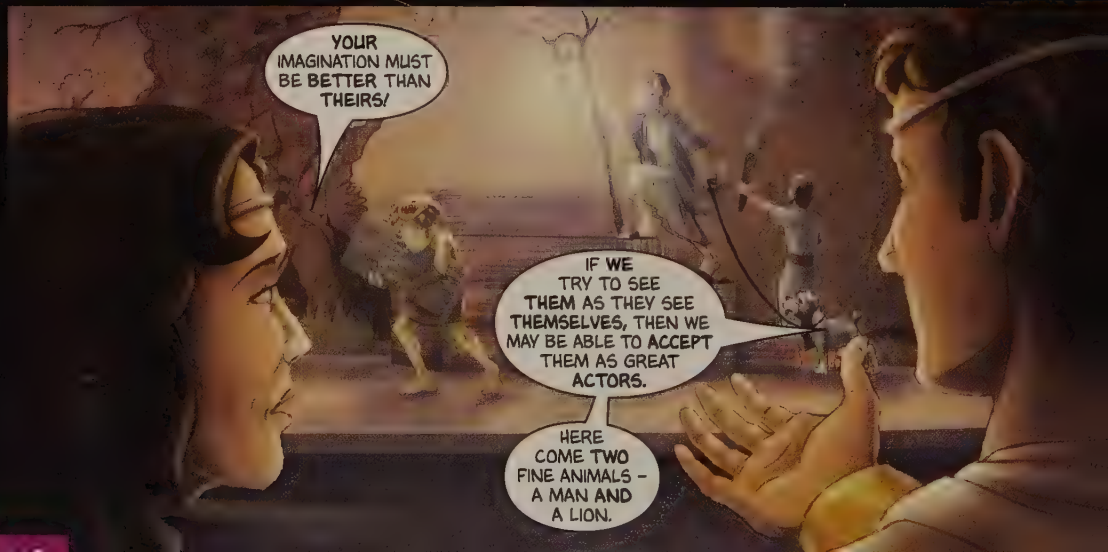
THE
OBSTACLE
BETWEEN THEM
HAS GONE.

IT'S NO
GOOD, MY LORD:
WHEN WALLS HAVE EARS,
THEY CAN SOON
RETURN.



THIS IS
THE SILLIEST
STUFF I HAVE
EVER HEARD!

ALL PLAYS
ARE ILLUSIONS. THE
WORST CAN BE JUST AS
GOOD AS THE BEST, IF YOU
USE YOUR IMAGINATION
TO IMPROVE THEM.



YOUR
IMAGINATION MUST
BE BETTER THAN
THEIRS!

IF WE
TRY TO SEE
THEM AS THEY SEE
THEMSELVES, THEN WE
MAY BE ABLE TO ACCEPT
THEM AS GREAT
ACTORS.

HERE
COME TWO
FINE ANIMALS -
A MAN AND
A LION.

YOU LADIES OF
A FEARING HEART,
WHO ARE FRIGHTENED
BY A CREEPING
MOUSE,

MIGHT
SHAKE AND SHIVER
AT THIS NEXT PART,
WHEN LION ROARS
WITH RAGE IN THIS
PLAYHOUSE.



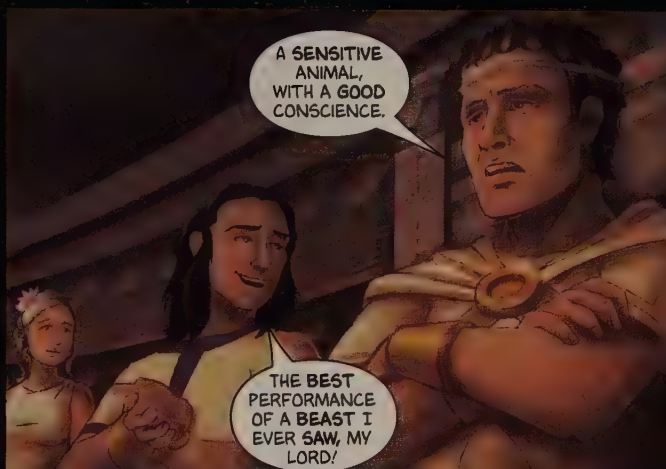
I'M ONLY
SNUG, THE JOINER,
IN FANCY-DRESS.
I'M NOT A REAL
LION, NOR A
LIONESS.

IF I WERE A
REAL LION, HERE
CAUSING STRIFE,
I'D SOON BE IN
DANGER OF LOSING
MY LIFE.



A SENSITIVE
ANIMAL,
WITH A GOOD
CONSCIENCE.

THE BEST
PERFORMANCE
OF A BEAST I
EVER SAW, MY
LORD!



THIS LION IS
ABOUT AS BRAVE
AS A FOX.

TRUE -
AND ABOUT
AS WISE AS A
GOOSE.

NOT REALLY,
MY LORD. HE IS NOT
BRAVE ENOUGH TO
OVERCOME HIS CAUTION,
WHEREAS THE FOX
ALWAYS GETS THE
GOOSE.



HIS
CAUTION
CANNOT OVERCOME
HIS BRAVERY, THAT
IS FOR SURE.
A GOOSE CANNOT
BEAT A FOX.

IT IS ALL
RIGHT - LEAVE
HIM TO BE WHAT
HE IS, AND LET US
LISTEN TO THE
MOON.





THIS
LANTERN
REPRESENTS
THE CRESCENT
MOON -

HE SHOULD
HAVE WORN THE
HORNS OF THE
CRESCENT MOON
ON HIS HEAD.

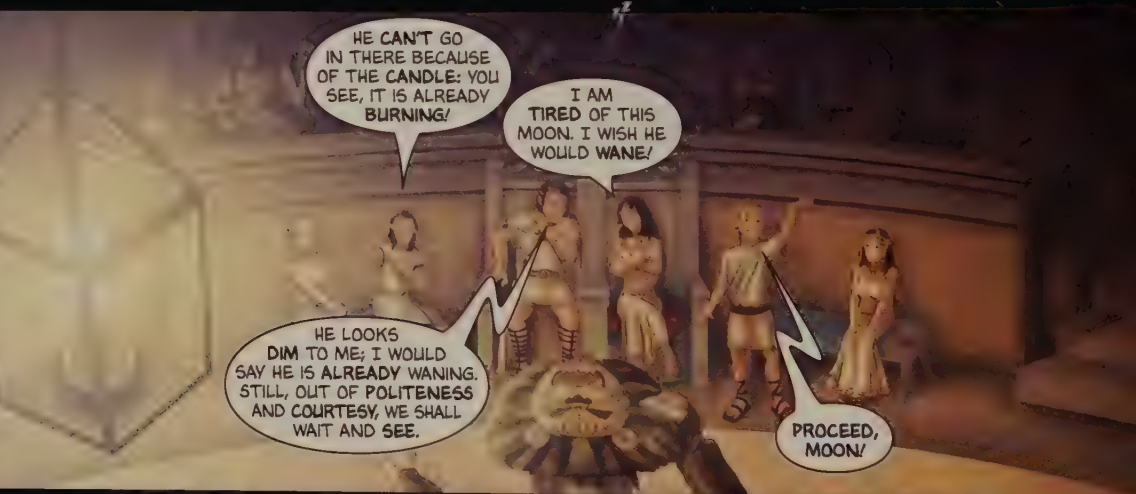
HE IS NOT
A CRESCENT MOON,
AND THE HORNS ARE
INVISIBLE IN A
FULL-MOON.



THIS
LANTERN
REPRESENTS THE
CRESCENT MOON.
I PLAY THE PART
OF THE MAN-IN-
THE-MOON.

THIS IS THE
BIGGEST MISTAKE
OF ALL - THE MAN
SHOULD BE INSIDE
THE LANTERN.

HOW
ELSE CAN
HE BE THE
"MAN-IN-THE-
MOON"?



HE CAN'T GO
IN THERE BECAUSE
OF THE CANDLE: YOU
SEE, IT IS ALREADY
BURNING!

I AM
TIRED OF THIS
MOON. I WISH HE
WOULD WANE!

HE LOOKS
DIM TO ME; I WOULD
SAY HE IS ALREADY WANING.
STILL, OUT OF POLITENESS
AND COURTESY, WE SHALL
WAIT AND SEE.

PROCEED,
MOON!



ALL I WANT
TO TELL YOU IS, THE
LANTERN IS THE MOON.
I AM THE MAN-IN-THE-MOON,
THIS THORN-BUSH IS MY
THORN-BUSH, AND THIS
DOG IS MY DOG.

IF THEY
ARE ALL IN THE
MOON, THEN THEY
SHOULD ALL BE
INSIDE THE
LANTERN.

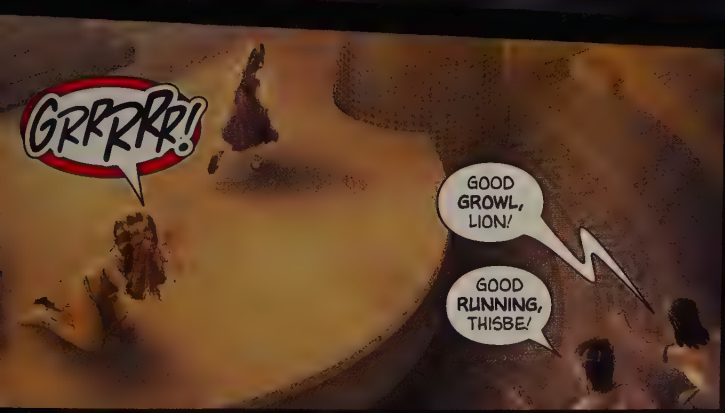
BUT,
QUIET -
HERE COMES
THAT



THIS IS OLD
NINNY'S TOMB.
WHERE IS MY
LOVE?

GRAARR

RRRRIP



GRRRRR!

GOOD
GROWL,
LION!

GOOD
RUNNING,
THISBE!



GOOD SHINING, MOON!
THAT MOON REALLY
SHINES MOST
GRACEFULLY!

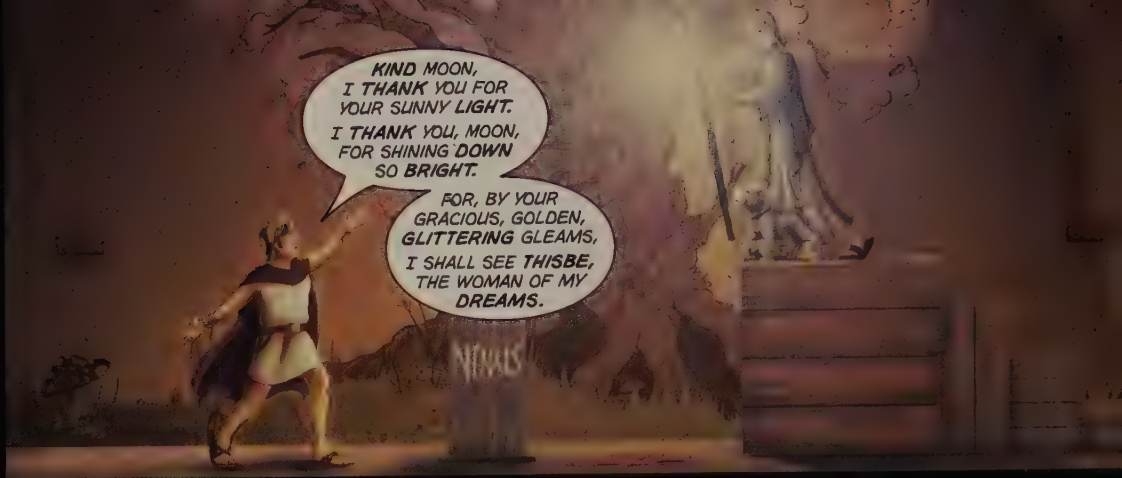
GOOD
SHAKING,
LION!

HERE
COMES
NINNY!

clapclapclap



AND THE
LION RUNS
AWAY!



KIND MOON,
I THANK YOU FOR
YOUR SUNNY LIGHT.
I THANK YOU, MOON,
FOR SHINING DOWN
SO BRIGHT.

FOR, BY YOUR
GRACIOUS, GOLDEN,
GLITTERING GLEAMS,
I SHALL SEE *THISBE*,
THE WOMAN OF MY
DREAMS.



BUT
WAIT - OH NO!
HOW IS THIS SO?
WHAT DREADFUL
THING IS
HERE?

WHAT
DO I SEE?
HOW CAN IT
BE?

OH DEAR!
OH DEAR!
OH DEAR!



YOUR
CLOAK AND HOOD,
ALL STAINED
WITH BLOOD!
DESCEND,
YOU GODS OF
ILL-WILL!

COME,
DESTINY,
AND FINISH ME;
CONQUER, CRUSH
ME, AND
KILL!

THIS
MELODRAMA -
AND THE DEATH OF A
DEAR FRIEND - COULD
ALMOST MAKE A
MAN SAD.

I CANNOT
HELP IT, I FEEL
SORRY FOR
HIM.



WHY DID
NATURE MAKE
THE LION MAUL?
SINCE A MEAN LION
HAS KILLED MY
THISBE,

WHO IS
- NO - WHO WAS
THE FAIREST OF ALL,
WHO LIVED, LOVED,
LIKED AND LOOKED
SO HAPPY.



COME
TEARS, IN FLOOD!
MY SWORD, DRAW BLOOD!
FROM OUT THE BREAST
OF PYRAMUS!

IN MY CHEST,
MY BROKEN HEART REST.
I DIE LIKE THIS, WITHOUT
A FUSS!



AAAAARRGH



I'M DEAD
AND GONE,
MY LIFE IS
DONE,

MY SOUL IS
IN THE SKY.

TONGUE,
STOP GLOWING!
MOON, GET
GOING!

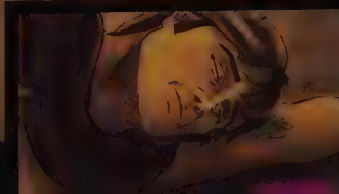
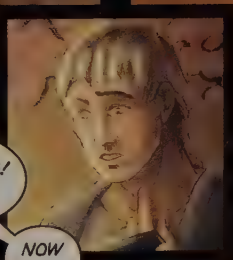
NOW
DIE,

DIE,

DIE,

DIE,

die.



clap clap
clap clap clap clap

SO MANY
"DIES" FOR ONE
PERSON - IF THEY
WERE DICE, HE'D
HAVE THROWN
AN ACE.

LESS THAN
THAT, BECAUSE HE
IS DEAD - HE IS
NOTHING.

HE MIGHT
RECOVER, WITH THE
HELP OF A DOCTOR -
AND PROVE HIMSELF
TO BE AN ASS.

WHY HAS
MOONSHINE GONE,
BEFORE THISBE COMES
BACK AND FINDS
HER LOVER?





ASLEEP,
MY LOVE?
OR DEAD, MY
DOVE?

OH PYRAMUS,
PLEASE RISE!
CAN YOU NOT
SPEAK?

DEAD?
THEN A BLEAK
GRAVE WILL COVER
YOUR EYES.

THESE PALE,
SOFT LIPS, THIS
PRETTY NOSE, THESE
TERRACUP-GOLD
CHEEKS,

ARE
GONE, ARE GONE:
LOVERS SHOULD MOAN.
HIS EYES WERE GREEN
AS LEEKS.



YOU
GODS OF FATE,
COME TO ME STRAIGHT,
WITH HANDS AS PALE
AS MILK.

STEEP
THEM IN GORE,
SINCE YOU HAVE TORE
HIS LIFE-LINE OF
PURE SILK.



NO
FURTHER WORD!
I'LL TAKE THIS
SWORD,

AND INTO
MY BREAST
PROPEL.



GOODBYE
DEAR FRIENDS,
THISBE NOW
ENDS.

FAREWELL,

FAREWELL,

FAREWELL!



clap

MOONSHINE
AND LION ARE
LEFT TO BURY
THE DEAD.

YES,
AND WALL,
TOO.

clap
clap



NO, LET ME
ASSURE YOU, THE WALL
THAT SEPARATED THEIR
FATHERS' LANDS HAS
BEEN KNOCKED
DOWN.

WOULD
YOU LIKE TO *SEE*
A CLOSING SPEECH?
OR *HEAR* A COUNTRY
DANCE BETWEEN
TWO OF US
ACTORS?



PLEASE,
NO SPEECH! YOU
DO NOT NEED TO MAKE
ANY EXCUSES FOR YOUR
PLAY. NEVER MAKE
EXCUSES - WHEN THE
ACTORS ARE ALL DEAD,
NO ONE CAN BE
BLAMED.

IF THE
PLAYWRIGHT HAD
ACTED AS PYRAMUS AND
HANGED HIMSELF WITH THISBE'S
GARTER, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
A MASTERPIECE. AND SO IT
WAS - HONESTLY AND
WELL ACTED.

OOOF!



LET US HAVE
YOUR DANCE -
FORGET THE
SPEECH.

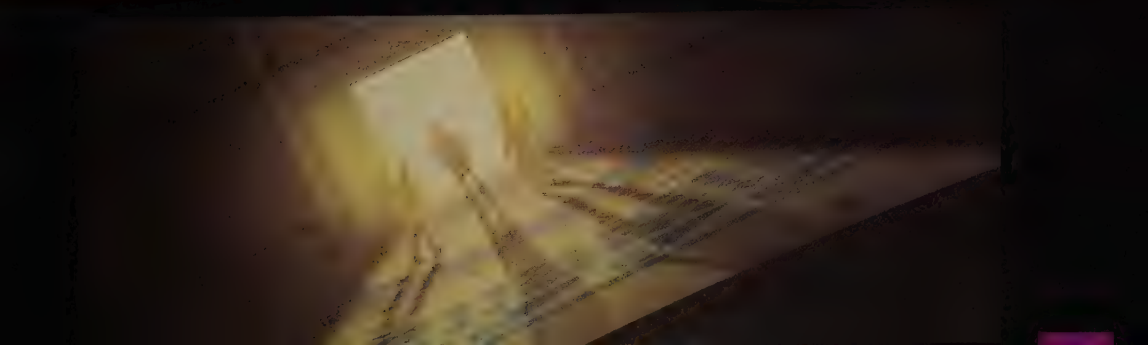


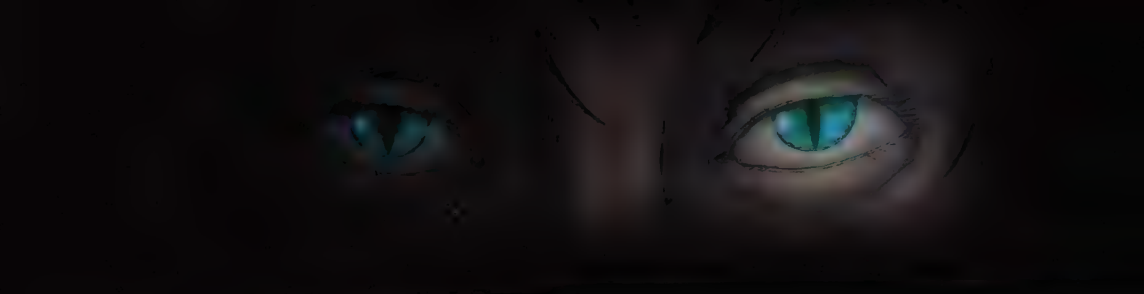
THE CLOCK HAS CHIMED MIDNIGHT. IT IS ALMOST FAIRY TIME - THE HOUR FOR LOVERS TO GO TO BED. I FEAR WE SHALL OVERSLEEP IN THE MORNING, BY THE SAME LENGTH OF TIME WE HAVE STAYED UP TOO LATE TONIGHT.

THIS CLEARLY AWFUL PLAY HAS PASSED THE TIME WELL FOR US.

LET US GET TO BED NOW, FRIENDS.

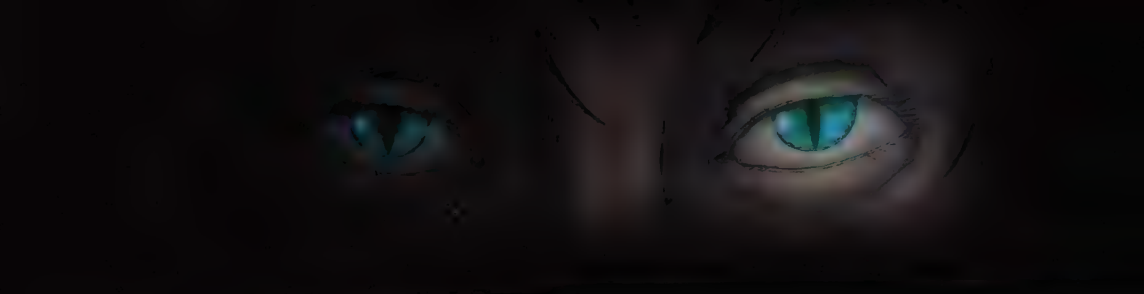
WE SHALL CONTINUE THESE RITUALS FOR TWO WEEKS, WITH NIGHTLY CELEBRATIONS AND FRESH ENTERTAINMENT!





NOW, THE
HUNGRY LION *ROARS*,
AND THE WOLF *HOWLS*
AT THE *MOON*,
WHILE THE WEARY
PLOUGHMAN SNORES,
ALL HIS WEARY TASKS
ARE *DONE*.

CHARRED
LOGS IN THE
FIREPLACE *GLOW*,
WHILE THE NIGHT OWL
SCREECHES LOUD
AND MAKES THE *SICK*
MAN LIE IN *WOE*,
THINKING OF
HIS *FUNERAL*
SHROUD.



NOW,
IT IS THE
TIME OF *NIGHT*,
WHEN *ALL* THE
GRAVES *OPEN* WIDE,
AND *EACH* LET OUT
A *GHOSTLY* FRIGHT,
TO *HAUNT* THE
DARKENED
COUNTRYSIDE.

AND
WE *FAIRIES*,
WHO AS PART
OF THREE-HEADED
HECATE'S TEAM,
AWAY FROM DAYLIGHT
WE DEPART,
FOLLOWING
DARKNESS LIKE
A *DREAM*.





NOW
WE'LL **DANCE**,
QUIET AS A MOUSE,
AND **NOT** DISTURB
THIS HOLY
HOUSE.

I AM HERE
TO **CLEAN** AROUND,
AND **SWEEP** THE DUST
FROM OFF THE
GROUND.



GIVE THIS PLACE
OUR FAIRY **LIGHT**,
AROUND THE
DEADNESS OF THE **FIRE**.
EVERY **ELF**, AND FAIRY **SPRITE**,
HOP AS **LIGHT** AS A BIRD
FROM **BRIAR**,
AND **SING** THIS SONG,
AFTER **ME**,
DANCING TO IT
MERRILY.

FIRST,
REHEARSE YOUR
SONG BY **ROTE**,
SING **EACH** WORD
AS A WARBLING
NOTE;

HAND
IN HAND, WITH
FAIRY **GRACE**,
WE ALL SING, AND
BLESS THIS
PLACE.



NOW,
UNTIL THE
BREAK OF **DAY**,
THROUGH THIS HOUSE
EACH **FAIRY**
STRAY.

WE
WILL GO TO
THESEUS'S SUITE,
AND THERE, OUR
BLESSINGS SHALL
REPEAT.

CHILDREN
WHO ARE
CONCEIVED THERE,
WILL FIND GOOD
FORTUNE
EVERYWHERE.

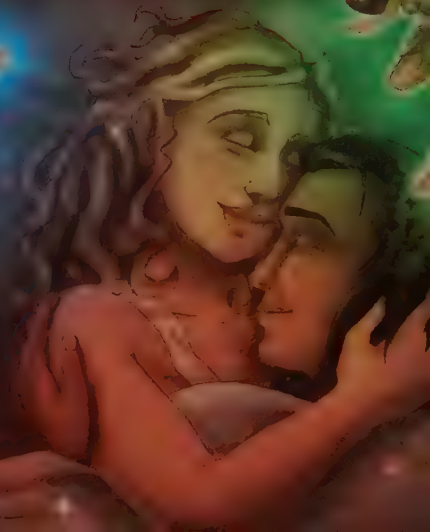
ALL
THREE COUPLES
NOW SHALL BE,
EVER LIVING
HAPPILY;

AND
THEIR CHILDREN
SHALL BE **FREE**
OF **ANY**
ABNORMALITY.



NEVER
A **MOLE**,
HARE-LIP OR **SCAR**,
NO **MARKS** OR
FLAWS, SUCH
AS ARE

FROWNED
UPON, AND GIVE
CAUSE TO **TEASE**.
THEIR CHILDREN
SHALL HAVE **NONE**
OF **THESE**.





GO YOUR
OWN WAY, EACH OF YOU,
AND SPRINKLE *ROUND THIS*
FAIRY DEW.
BLESS THIS PALACE THOROUGHLY,
WITH SWEETEST *PEACE*
AND *HARMONY.*



THIS
PALACE SHALL HAVE
OUR PROTECTION,
AND THE DUKE,
OUR *DEEP*
AFFECTION.

HURRY
NOW, SKIP *AWAY!*
MEET ME BY THE
BREAK OF
DAY.



IF WE
SHADOWS
HAVE **OFFENDED**,
THINK THIS WAY,
AND **ALL** IS
MENDED -

THAT
YOU HAVE BEEN
SLEEPING HERE,
WHILE THESE
VISIONS DID
APPEAR.

THEN,
OUR **FOOLISH**
PLAY WILL SEEM
NOTHING **MORE**
THAN A CRAZY
DREAM.

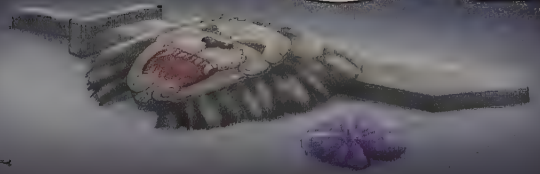
GOOD
PEOPLE, KINDLY
BE **POLITE**;
FORGIVE US, AND
WE'LL PUT THINGS
RIGHT.

NOW, AS
I AM AN **HONEST** PUCK,
IF WE HAVE
ENJOYED **GOOD** LUCK,
AND **ESCAPED** A HISS
AND **BOO**,
SOON WE'LL MAKE IT
UP TO YOU.



OTHERWISE,
CALL PUCK A **LIAR**!
GOODNIGHT -
NOW, LET US
RETIRE.

LET ME
HEAR **HANDS**,
IF WE'RE STILL
FRIENDS,



AND
ROBIN SHALL
MAKE ALL
AMENDS.

A
MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S
DREAM

The End

William Shakespeare

[c.1564 - 1616 AD]

Shakespeare is, without question, the world's most famous playwright. Yet, despite his fame, very few records and artefacts exist for him — we don't even know the exact date of his birth! April 23rd 1564 (St George's Day) is taken to be his birthday, as this was three days before his baptism (for which we do have a record). Records also tell us that he died on the same date in 1616, aged fifty-two.

The life of William Shakespeare can be divided into three acts.

Act One – Stratford-upon-Avon

William was the eldest son of tradesman John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and the third of eight children (he had two older sisters). The Shakespeares were a respectable family. The year after William was born, John (who made gloves and traded leather) became an alderman of Stratford-upon-Avon, and four years later he became High Bailiff (or mayor) of the town.

Little is known of William's childhood. He learnt to read and write at the local primary school, and later is believed to have attended the local grammar school, where he studied Latin and English Literature. In 1582, aged eighteen, William married a local farmer's daughter, Anne Hathaway. Anne was eight years his senior and three months pregnant. During their marriage they had three children: Susanna, born on

26th May 1583 and twins, Hamnet and Judith, born on 2nd February 1585. Hamnet (William's only son) died in 1596, aged eleven, from Bubonic Plague.

Act Two – London

Five years into his marriage, in 1587, William's wife and children stayed in Stratford, while he moved to London. He appeared as an actor at *The Theatre* (England's first permanent theatre) and gave public recitals of his own poems; but it was his playwriting that created the most interest. His fame soon spread far and wide. When Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603, the new King James I (who was already King James VI of Scotland) gave royal consent for Shakespeare's acting company, *The Lord Chamberlain's Men* to be called *The King's Men* in return for entertaining the court. This association was to shape a

number of plays, such as *Macbeth*, which was written to please the Scottish King.

William Shakespeare is attributed with writing and collaborating on 38 plays, 154 sonnets and 5 poems, in just twenty-three years between 1590 and 1613. No original manuscript exists for any of his plays, making it hard to accurately date any of them. Printing was still in its infancy, and plays tended to change as they were performed. Shakespeare would write manuscript for the actors and continue to refine them over a number of performances. The plays we know today have survived from written copies taken at various stages of each play and usually written by the actors from memory. This has given rise to variations in texts of what is now known as "quarto" versions of the plays, until we reach the first



official printing of each play in the 1623 "folio" *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies*. His last solo-authored work was *The Tempest* in 1611, which was only followed by collaborative work on two plays (*Henry VIII* and *Two Noble Kinsmen*) with John Fletcher.

Shakespeare is strongly associated with the famous *Globe Theatre*. Built by his troupe in 1599, it became his "spiritual home", with thousands of people crammed into the small space for each performance. There were 3,000 people in the building in 1613 when a cannon-shot during a performance of *Henry VIII* set fire

to the thatched roof and the entire theatre was burnt to the ground. Although it was rebuilt a year later, it marked an end to Shakespeare's writing and to his time in London.

Act Three - Retirement

Shortly after the 1613 accident at *The Globe*, Shakespeare left the capital and returned to live once more with his family in Stratford-upon-Avon. He died on April 23rd 1616 and was buried two days later at the Church of the Holy Trinity (the same church where he had been baptised fifty-two years earlier). The cause of his death remains unknown.

Epilogue

At the time of his death, Shakespeare had substantial properties, which he bestowed on his family and associates from the theatre. He had no son to inherit his wealth, and he left the majority of his possessions to his eldest daughter Susanna. Curiously, the only thing that he left to his wife Anne was his second-best bed! (although she continued to live in the family home after his death). William Shakespeare's last direct descendant died in 1670. She was his granddaughter, Elizabeth.

William Shakespeare

Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

As so few relics survive from Shakespeare's life, it is amazing that the house where he was born and raised remains intact. It is owned and cared for by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, which looks after a number of houses in the area:

- Shakespeare's Birthplace.
- Mary Arden's Farm: The childhood home of Shakespeare's mother.
- Anne Hathaway's Cottage: The childhood home of Shakespeare's wife.
- Hall's Croft: The home of Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna.
- New Place: Only the grounds exist of the house where Shakespeare died in 1616.
- Nash's House: The home of Shakespeare's granddaughter.



www.shakespeare.org.uk



Formed in 1847, the Trust also works to promote Shakespeare around the world. In early 2009, it announced that it had found a new Shakespeare portrait, believed to have been painted within his lifetime, with a trail of provenance that links it to Shakespeare himself.

It is accepted that Martin Droeshout's engraving (left) that appears on the First Folio of 1623 is an authentic likeness of Shakespeare because the people involved in its publication would have personally known him. This new portrait (once owned by Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, one of Shakespeare's most loyal supporters) is so similar in all facial aspects that it is now suspected to have been the source that Droeshout used for his famous engraving.

www.shakespearefound.org.uk

History of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*



A *Midsummer Night's Dream* was an early success for Shakespeare. The first printed edition of 1600 says it was "sundry times publickely acted", although there is little evidence to support the belief that it was written for, or ever performed as part of, any wedding celebration.

While it is hard to date Shakespeare's plays with absolute precision, certain references within *A Midsummer Night's Dream* lead us to believe it was written in 1595-6, just before he completed *Romeo and Juliet* (both plays have a domineering father trying to force his daughter to marry someone she doesn't love). It was most definitely written in the reign of Elizabeth I (1533-1603), and there is a cryptic reference made to her in Act II Scene I (page 35), where Oberon recounts Cupid taking aim at her with his bow, but the arrow missing

its target, allowing the "Virgin Queen" to continue in her worthy meditation. Shakespeare's association with the monarchy strengthened when James I came to the throne, and there is a record of the play being performed in court in 1604 – almost ten years after it was written.

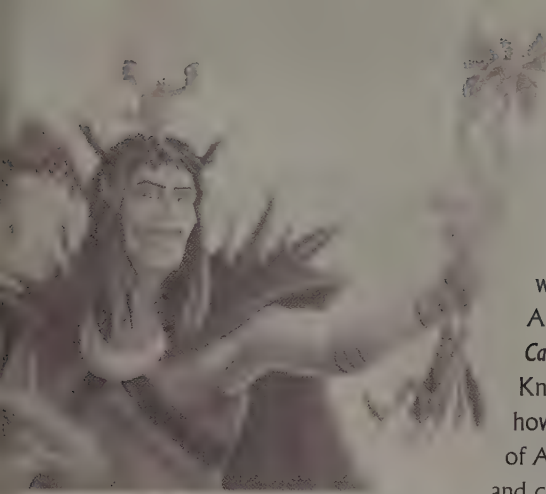
As much as the play is loved today, and as often as it has been performed to rapturous crowds since its creation, the play has also had its share of detractors through the years. The great diarist, Samuel Pepys, wrote of a production in 1662 (46 years after Shakespeare's death) describing it as "*the most insipid, ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life.*" Pepys was similarly scathing about *Romeo and Juliet* that same year, so he either attended poor performances of both these masterpieces of the stage, or he wasn't the biggest fan of Shakespeare's plays!

Time and Place

The title of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a little misleading. Midsummer is another name for the summer solstice, when the sun is at its highest due to the angle of the earth's axis to the sun. Today this is recognised as occurring on June 21st in the northern hemisphere (December 21st in the southern hemisphere), but in Shakespeare's day, this was thought to occur on June 24th. The only mention of a date occurs in Act IV Scene I (page 100), when Theseus suspects the youths were in the forest to "observe the rite of May", making it "May Day" (May 1st). For this to be consistent, the term "Midsummer" must refer to "Midsummer Madness" (crazy behaviour that can happen at any time), setting Act IV on May 1st.

As for the era, legend has it that Theseus lived before the times of the Trojan Wars, setting it around 1250 BC, although the play feels as if it takes place much later than that, in a time almost current to Shakespeare's day.

The location is also strange, with the characters being from Athens in Greece, but the woodland setting much more representative of the English countryside where Shakespeare was raised. This is poetic licence on Shakespeare's part, to place grand subjects such as Theseus and Hippolyta in a setting that would be familiar to the audience he was trying to entertain. These anomalies somehow seem to add to the intrigue and magic of the play.



Sources

Unlike many of Shakespeare's other plays, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is not a straight adaptation of any prior work, and the sources he drew upon reveal what a learned man he was.

A major influence was Ovid's *Metamorphoses* — a book of Latin verse that he would have studied at school. *Metamorphoses* tries to explain aspects of nature as the outcome of mythical events. In a similar vein, Titania explains how bad weather is the result of the disagreement between herself and Oberon in Act II Scene I (page 32). Although the name of Titania is taken from the book, it is Shakespeare who first gives that name to the Fairy Queen (references for Oberon being the name of the Fairy King predate the play).

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe also comes from *Metamorphoses*, in which Pyramus's blood is given as the reason for mulberry trees being dark red. The amateur production of this tale in Act V Scene I (pp 113–126) could be the Bard poking fun at a poor adaptation of the work,

made by Arthur Golding in 1567.

Theseus and Hippolyta appear in that other iconic work of the Middle Ages, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. "The Knight's Tale" describes how Theseus, the Duke of Athens, conquers and captures the heart of

"Ipolita" the Queen of the Amazons, as mentioned in Act I Scene I (page 8). The names of Philostrate and Egeus are also both taken from the same verse.

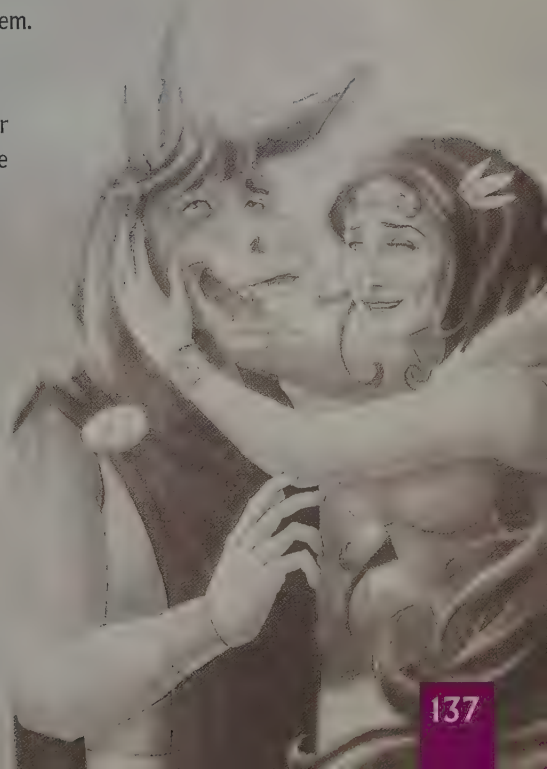
In Act II Scene I, the mischievous spirit Puck is introduced to the audience also as Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin (page 28). Both these names appear in a 1584 publication, *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* by Reginald Scot. In that book, Scot details how people would leave clothes, milk and bread out for this spirit, to stop him from playing tricks on them. Like a Bogeyman, the character was used as a threat to children in order to get them to behave. He was also thought to sweep up at night for those mortals who left things out for him, as mentioned in Act V Scene I (page 129).

Of course, the most notable event of the play is Bottom's head becoming that of a donkey. This sets up wordplays of "ass"

[donkey/fool] and the comedy of the beautiful Titania falling in love with this man-creature. Shakespeare took this idea from a 1566 translation of a second-century Latin story, *Transformations of Lucius or The Golden Ass*, in which a man is temporarily turned into an ass, whom a respectable woman falls in love with. Interestingly, though, there is an intriguing passage in Scot's *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* which must have inspired the play:

If I affirme, that with certeine charmes and popish praiers I can set an horsse or an asses head upon a mans shoulders, I shall not be believed; or if I doo it, I shall be thought a witch.

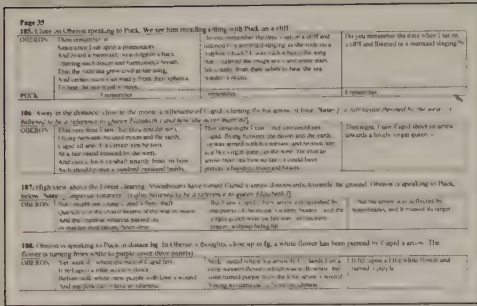
Regardless of what Pepys said in 1662, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* remains one of the Bard's best-loved plays, and is the one most often performed in open air theatres across the world — the perfect magical entertainment for a warm evening.



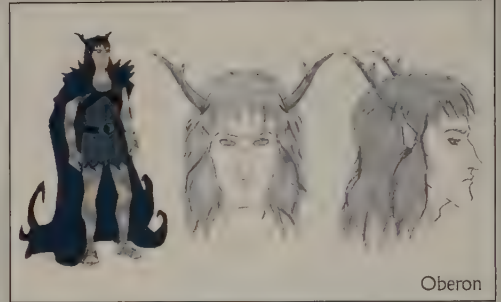
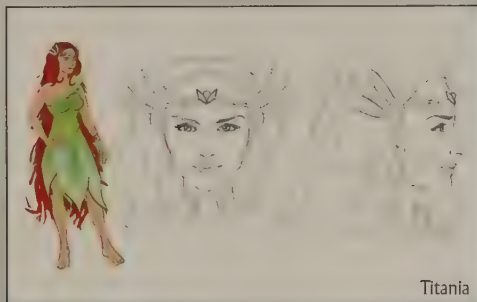
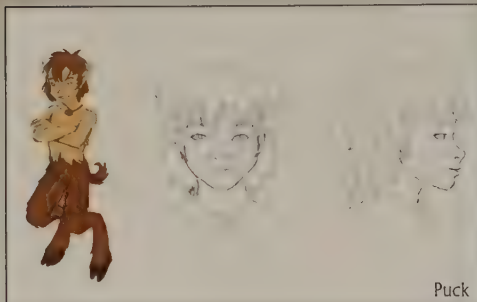
Page Creation

1. Script

The first stage in creating a graphic novel adaptation of a Shakespeare play is to split the original script into comic book panels, describing the images to be drawn as well as the dialogue, captions and sound effects. To do this, not only does the scriptwriter (John McDonald) need to know the play well, but he also needs to visualise the layout of each panel and page in his head in order to write the art descriptions (there are over 450 panels in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). Once this is created the dialogue is adapted into Plain Text and Quick Text to create the three versions of the book, which all use the same artwork.



Page 35 from the script of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* showing the three text versions.



2. Character Sheets

As well as creating the script, the scriptwriter also writes descriptions of how he imagines each character to look. The artists (Kat Nicholson and Jason Cardy) couple these with their own ideas to create a number of character sheets. These sheets provide a point of reference when drawing the pages, but more importantly they allow the artist to familiarise himself with the characters – to the point where they almost take on a life of their own.

3. Rough Layout

There is a wealth of detail in each panel of this book, making it critically important to solve any problems in the layouts before undertaking the finished drawing. Here is Kat and Jason's initial layout of page 35. Comparing it to the finished page, you can see how a number of alterations were made. Kat and Jason created the rough layouts digitally, which made it easier to resize and amend panels, and work on the page as a whole. For instance, to show who is speaking, Oberon and Puck were added to the left-hand edge of the page. A sequence was also added to show the flower changing colour from white to purple, and the images of Cupid and Oberon's eye have moved to accommodate these amendments.



The rough layout created from the script.



Linework image with grey backgrounds, ready for colouring.



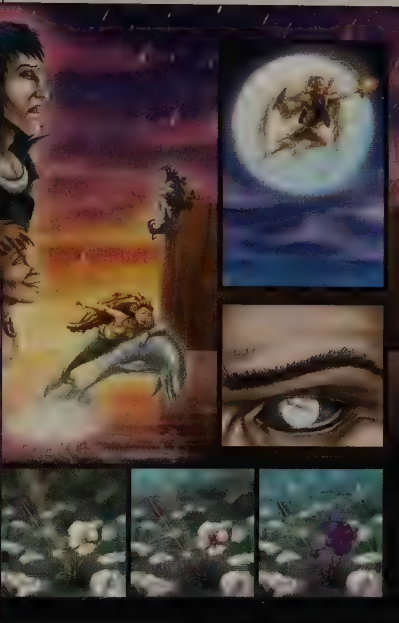
The finished page 35 with Plain Text lettering.

4. Linework

The characters for each panel were first drawn in pencil. These images were then scanned into the computer and positioned over digitally prepared backgrounds. Kat and Jason were always thinking in terms of the finished coloured page, and backgrounds were created in isolation to the linework. Creating the artwork in this way meant that the usually distinct stages of fully pencilled and inked linework became one single stage of light, open linework. Here you can see linework for the characters set against greyscale backgrounds that were already finished at this point. It is still possible to make alterations to the page at this level of completion, and the decision was made to zoom closer into Oberon's eye to make the arrow more prominent.

5. Colouring

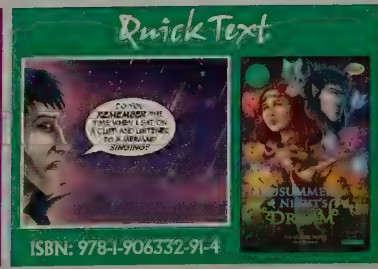
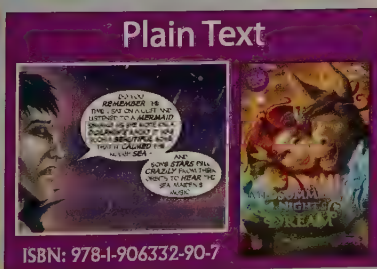
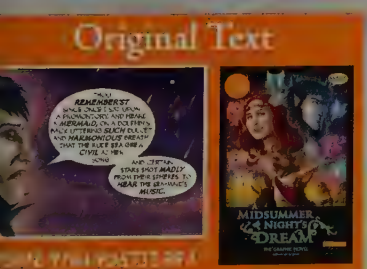
Kat and Jason are wonderful colourists and have worked on a number of books for Classical Comics. They had a particular "look" in mind for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to create a fine art, paint-like image using digital art techniques. You can see this in the detail of Oberon's eye, which looks like it could have been painted with acrylics, while there are wonderful digital effects on this page, such as the glow around the moon and the soft focus on the flowers.



The final coloured artwork.

6. Lettering

The final stage is to add the captions, sound effects, and speech bubbles from the script. These are placed on top of the finished coloured pages, and the positioning of the speech balloons is designed to lead the eye around the page to give a natural reading flow. Three versions of each page are lettered, one for each of the three versions of the book (Original Text, Plain Text and Quick Text).



Shakespeare's Globe

The Globe Theatre and Shakespeare

It is hard to appreciate today how theatres were actually a new idea in William Shakespeare's time. The very first theatre in Elizabethan London to only show plays, aptly called *The Theatre*, was introduced by an entrepreneur by the name of James Burbage. In fact, *The Globe Theatre*, possibly the most famous theatre of that era, was built from the timbers of *The Theatre*. The landlord of *The Theatre* was Giles Allen, a Puritan who disapproved of theatrical entertainment. When he decided to enforce a huge rent increase in the winter of 1598, the theatre members dismantled the building piece by piece and shipped it across the Thames to Southwark for reassembly. Allen was powerless to do anything, as the company owned the wood - although he spent three years in court trying to sue the perpetrators!

The report of the dismantling party (written by Schoenbaum)

says: "ryotous... armed... with divers and manye unlawfull and offensive weapons... in verye ryotous outrageous and forcyble manner and contrarye to the lawes of your highnes Realme... and there pulling breaking and throwing downe the sayd Theater in verye outrageous violent and riotous sort to the great disturbance and terrefyeing not onlye of your subjectes... but of divers others of your majesties loving subjectes there neere inhabitinge."

William Shakespeare became a part owner of this new *Globe Theatre* in 1599. It was one of four major theatres in the area, along with the *Swan*, the *Rose*, and the *Hope*. The exact physical structure of the *Globe* is unknown, although scholars are fairly sure of some details through drawings from the period. The theatre itself was a closed structure with an open courtyard where the stage stood. Tiered galleries around the open area accommodated the wealthier patrons who could afford seats, and those of the lower classes - the "groundlings" - stood around the platform or "thrust" stage during the performance of a play. The space under and behind the stage was

used for special effects, storage and costume changes. Surprisingly, although the entire structure was not very big by modern standards, it is known to have accommodated fairly large crowds - as many as 3,000 people - during a single performance.

The Globe II

In 1613, the original *Globe Theatre* burned to the ground when a cannon shot during a performance of *Henry VIII* set fire to the thatched roof of the gallery. Undeterred, the company completed a new *Globe* (this time with a tiled roof) on the foundations of its predecessor. Shakespeare didn't write any new plays for this theatre, which opened in 1614. He retired to Stratford-Upon-Avon that year, and died two years later. Despite that, performances continued until 1642, when the Puritans closed down all theatres and places of entertainment. Two years later, the Puritans razed the building to the ground in order to build tenements upon the site. No more was to be seen of the *Globe* for 352 years.

Shakespeare's Globe

Led by the vision of the late Sam Wanamaker, work began on the construction of a new *Globe* in 1993, close to the site of the original theatre. It was completed three years later, and Queen Elizabeth II officially opened the *New Globe Theatre* on June 12th, 1997 with a production of *Henry V*.

The *New Globe Theatre* is as faithful a reproduction as possible to the Elizabethan theatre, given that the details of the original are only known from sketches of the time. The building can accommodate 1,500 people in all, across the galleries and the "groundlings".

www.shakespeares-globe.org



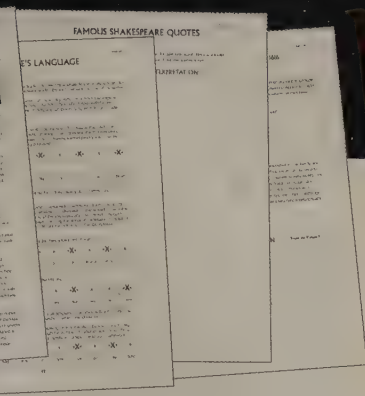
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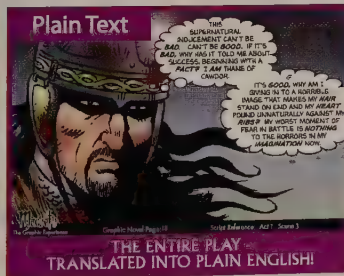
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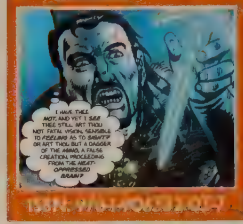
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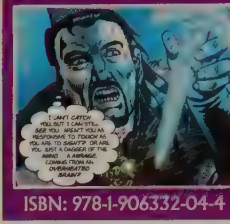
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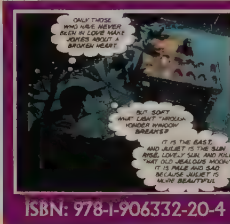
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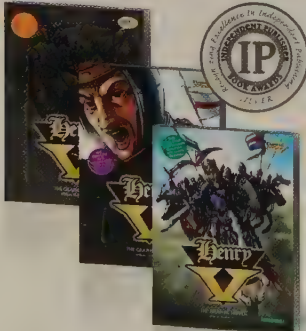
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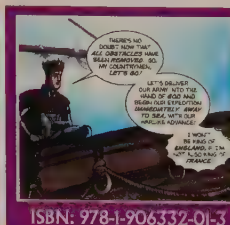
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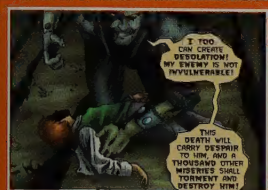
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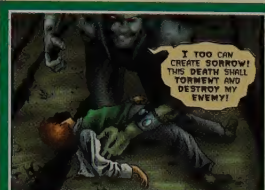
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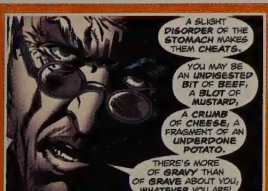
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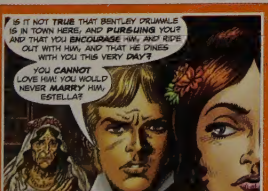
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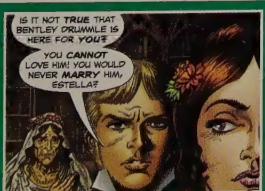


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